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[*The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.*]

Diary of the Week.

THE revolutionary strike, which M. Briand in his Socialist days was the first to preach, has at last broken out in France, and he it is who is charged with its suppression. On Saturday last some engine-cleaners in the Saint-Denis dépôt of the Nord line came out on strike to secure a minimum wage of 5fr. a day. In the small hours of Tuesday the men of the whole Nord system were called out. A day later the West (a State line) had joined them, and the National Union of Railwaymen then gave the order which made the strike universal. These decisions were reached either by committees or mass meetings, and the aim of the men was to deliver their blow with paralysing suddenness. On the Northern and Western lines the strike is all but complete. On the Eastern, Orleans, and Southern systems it is as yet but partial. The men of the Paris underground railway have now joined their comrades, and the inevitable Pataud has bidden his electricians plunge Paris in darkness.

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It has hitherto been possible to run one train each way daily between Paris and Calais, but such exceptions hardly mitigate the general collapse. Men who have urgent business are forced to hire motor cars at fabulous rates. The whole of the industrial North is paralysed, and already the great Courrières coal field has slackened work for lack of a market. The mails are carried by car or torpedo-boat. In Paris the price of food is already rising, and the Government is trying to meet the emergency by organising river transport. While some long-distance trains have been run successfully with the aid of troops and armed drivers, the dis-

location in the suburban services is all but complete, and armies of clerks and workmen are said to be cursing the strikers. The fishermen of Gravelines lost in one day £2,000 for lack of transport. M. Briand's answer is to put the men under military law by summoning the reservists of the railway battalions to the colors. The Strike Committee contends that such an order without the statutory two weeks' notice is illegal in time of peace, and it remains as yet uncertain how far the general mobilisation order will be obeyed. Meanwhile, five of the strike leaders have been arrested at the office of the "Humanité."

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IT is hard to say whether the strike was consciously revolutionary. There is nothing to suggest that it is meant to further any political changes. But M. Briand's action has certainly made it a revolt. The men are now not merely strikers, but military defaulters and rebels. Yet they have definite economic grievances. They demand a 5fr. minimum—a concession which the Western line had already granted, and the Northern line had granted in Paris. They base their demand on the general rise of prices which everywhere is making for unrest. Further, they claim that the new pension scheme shall be made retrospective, and they demand their share in the statutory weekly day of rest, from which the railways are excluded. Dragging negotiations had been proceeding for many months on all these points, and both M. Briand and M. Millerand had striven for an accommodation. But in April the companies refused to meet the men collectively under Ministerial auspices, and it was really then that the general strike was decided in principle. Revolutionary it is, in the sense that the men are tired of trusting to the Chamber and its Ministers for the redress of their grievances, and are resolved to try "direct action."

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THE meetings of the Conference of representatives of the Government and the Opposition for discussion of "the Constitutional question" were resumed this week after an interval of nearly three months. A full attendance of the eight members took place on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. The air, of course, begins to thicken with rumors and speculations. Though the announcements of the break-up of the summer's truce are widely interpreted as indicating failure and an early General Election, some important politicians take a more complacent view of the situation. Though secrecy has been observed with unusual success, the belief that the discussion has been widening out into some great devolution scheme which might merge the solution of the Lords question in a larger constitutional reconstruction, finds favor even among cautious politicians. Recent utterances of Mr. Balfour on the one hand, and Mr. Redmond and Mr. Birrell on the other, are interpreted so as to yield support to such a view. If it be assumed that neither front bench desires an early dissolution, some such expansion of the issue, perhaps bringing in the Colonial factor, might plausibly secure continuance of this Conference over the Imperial Conference of next spring.

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A SERIES of changes in the Law offices of the Crown have taken place, and constitute a somewhat dramatic

change in the make-up of the Government. Sir William Robson, one of the ablest, most sincere, and most highly equipped political lawyers of our time, has become a Lord of Appeal, making room for Sir Rufus Isaacs as Attorney-General, and Mr. J. A. Simon as Solicitor-General. The last appointment is a thoroughly fit and promising one, and will go far to replace the serious loss to Liberalism implied in Sir William Robson's retirement from politics. But the electoral situation which these changes have opened up is a difficult one. In the vast constituency of Walthamstow Mr. Simon has to meet a great industrial population, without the power to announce a Ministerial policy on the Osborne case. His general line, however, is promising, for he admits that the judgment cannot stand, and that the problem is open for solution. We hope Mr. Simon will go a little further and suggest that the Government have the power, as we believe they have the will, to solve it.

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THE vigorous protests of the Vicar of Walthamstow and the Rector of Woodford against the vexatious contest thrust upon Mr. Simon, taken in conjunction with the open support afforded the new Solicitor General by lay Unionists of reputation in the constituency, are a welcome testimony to the fact that character and courtesy are paying qualities in political life. Such testimony cannot fail to be of service on the polling day. That day is not yet fixed, but, as both parties are agreed in favor of a Saturday, it cannot be before October 29th, so that a full fortnight's vigorous campaign lies before the new law officer.

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A BETTER candidate for the vacancy of South Shields than Mr. Russell Rea it would be impossible to find. As the representative for a great industrial constituency he has a rare combination of qualifications. A business man of large and varied experience, he has stood strongly for trade unionism, and has on many occasions exhibited, in deeds as well as in words, his strong sympathy with the cause of labor. To practical experience in the shipping, mining, and railway worlds, he adds a powerful mind, well stocked with political information. His labors for the defence of Free Trade have been incessant during the seven years of our fiscal controversy, and his little book, "Free Trade in Being," is the best short argumentative defence of the principles and practices of our free import policy that has been produced. It is earnestly to be hoped that Mr. Crooks, who cannot possibly win the seat in a three-cornered fight, may not be so ill-advised as to lose a seat for labor at so critical a juncture in the history of trade unionism. For Mr. Rea has made it clear that he favors legislation which will restore to trade unions all the political liberty they need for effective Parliamentary action.

* * *

WE are very glad to receive a circular, issued on behalf of the Council of the Independent Labor Party, announcing a national campaign on the question of Armaments and Peace. The movement covers a series of great demonstrations in all parts of the three kingdoms, the chief attraction of which will be the presence of M. Jaurès, the greatest living orator, Mr. M. Vandervelde, the leader of the Belgian Labor Party, and other representatives of American and Continental labor at a great London demonstration in December. The point of the campaign will be an appeal by British workers to take common action with their brethren in

other lands to defeat war panics, and to bring about a federation of European workers in the cause of peace. In our view this is the most important of the new political movements of our time. There is not a single civilised Government which, on this question of armaments, is not an enemy to its people, and does not need to be told so, and to be made conscious of a determined hostile organisation. Such a force should be independently controlled, free of all party ties, and resolved to have its way.

* * *

AFTER the revolution of last week the condition of Portugal has become tranquil and almost normal. The accounts of the fighting which reached this country were clearly much exaggerated, and it now appears that the total of killed was considerably under a hundred. Ex-King Manoel, from his refuge in Gibraltar, has taken a dignified farewell of his kingdom, and proposes to spend the first months of his exile as the guest of the Duke of Orleans in England. There has been a passing Cabinet crisis in the Provisional Government, but the threatened schism has been avoided. Its first act has been to abrogate the various exceptional laws which restricted individual liberty. It will shortly issue a new electoral law based on manhood suffrage, and in three months' time a Constituent Assembly will be elected. Mr. W. Cadbury has received a telegram promising the honest reform of the slave system in San Thomé. Señor Machado, the new Foreign Minister, has re-affirmed the desire of Portugal to maintain the English Alliance.

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THE Anti-Clerical character of the Revolution was emphasised by the immediate reinforcement of ancient decrees expelling the Jesuits, which date from Pombal's time (1757 and 1759). Their property is confiscated, and the presence of three Jesuits together constitutes an unlawful assembly. The expulsion of all the monastic orders was at once undertaken. At the Luehas Convent in Lisbon shots were fired at the sentries placed to guard the monastery, presumably by its inmates. The mob followed the troops, and both monastery and church were sacked. Less intelligible were the scenes at the Convent of Sisters of Charity, where twelve of the nuns were injured, and had to be conveyed to the military hospital. The populace is furiously anti-clerical, and has persuaded itself that the Jesuits were armed with bombs, and were plotting treason in subterranean passages. On the whole the regular troops are said to have behaved well. Monastic establishments under the British flag have been respected. The expulsions have been indefinitely drastic and undiscriminating. Jesuits may be fair game in a political upheaval—the most Catholic of Kings have on occasion been forced to expel them—but it is hard to excuse the expulsion without notice, and with every circumstance of ignominy, of Sisters of Charity.

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NEWS is slowly filtering through from Macedonia which suggests that the Young Turks are gradually falling back into the worst brutalities of the old régime. They resolved to disarm the population, a nearly impossible task. Those who know the country best are agreed that a better plan would have been to secure order by arming selected rural guards of all races in each village. Of course, the disarmament is partial and the Moslems retain their weapons, or have them restored after a nominal surrender. The method of disarmament is a search for hidden weapons, which are

sought for usually by wholesale flogging and even torture. The "Times" reports that in one little Bulgarian town, Istip, sixty men, including the Bishop, were seriously injured by flogging and a hundred less gravely maltreated. In another village six peasants are said to have been beaten to death. We have seen letters from private sources which confirm these stories and add to them details of even more abominable tortures. Two European witnesses, both originally enthusiastic friends of the Young Turkish movement, speak in the strongest terms of these cruelties. Franco-British diplomacy is putting on the financial screw to check Turkish purchases of arms in Germany. There is a better case for extorting an improvement of methods in Macedonia. There is some ground for suspecting that while the Turks seem to be specially hostile to Greece, it is really Bulgaria that they are trying at once to provoke and to cow.

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THE Government nominations to the Senate of South Africa contain a judicious variety of views and interests. Mr. W. P. Schreiner is, perhaps, the most conspicuous personality, and his legal ability, combined with his passionate devotion to humanitarian causes, will make him a most serviceable member of the little group of native experts for whom the Constitution has made express provision. With him in this capacity will act Colonel Stanford, an experienced administrator of native affairs; Mr. Krogh, a member of the Native Affairs Commission under Lord Milner; and Mr. Moor, late Premier and Native Minister of Natal. Among the other Senators, Mr. Reitz, State Secretary of the Transvaal at the outbreak of the war, is the most noteworthy.

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ALTHOUGH the proposals for settlement of the boilermakers' lock-out on the Tyne-side requires the endorsement of the ballot, there seems little doubt that the majority of the men will accept the terms arranged by their Executive with the Employers' Association, and that work will be resumed on an early day next week, after a stoppage of six weeks. The later negotiations, the result of which will be embodied in the formal settlement, were directed to define the assurances which the trade union should give against the recurrence of local breaches of the Edinburgh agreement. Future breaches are to be punished by a fine, imposed by the Society, of 5s. per head per diem for men engaged in ordinary work, 10s. per man engaged in repair work, the money to be paid into a central fund for the benefit of widows and orphans of the Society. Other arrangements provide a joint committee for the amicable and speedy settlement of disputed claims. A chartered accountant acceptable to both sides will be empowered to ascertain that the fining policy is properly enforced.

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AN amazing exhibition of "Territorialism" was given last Wednesday before the County Court at Salisbury when Captain Bennett-Stanford brought a series of charges against three civilians in connection with the recent autumn manœuvres at Winterbourne Stoke. This zealous officer appears to have claimed the right to clear civilians out of a public-house and to order the closing of the house, and he endeavored to enforce his demand by dragging the innkeeper with a whipcord round his neck, knocking the glass from the hands of one man, kicking another, and puncturing some bicycle tyres that stood in the village street. These acts Captain Bennett-Stanford appears to have admitted, though

denying the more furious conduct and language imputed to him by several witnesses, and refusing to assent to the suggestion that he had behaved "in an extraordinary way." Of course the charges were dismissed, but the strangest feature of the case was that anyone guilty of such brutality and folly should also possess the effrontery to expose his character in a court of justice. Outside the annals of Prussian militarism we have seen no parallel.

* * *

BOTH in its numbers and in the quality of its work, the Town Planning Conference, which has met this week in the Galleries of the Institute of British Architects, has been a pronounced success. Nearly 1,200 delegates have been present, and every important aspect of civic development has been brought under survey. The first two days were occupied mainly with historical considerations and with some preliminary statements of the present legal situation with regard to land tenure and town-planning. On Thursday, valuable papers by Mr. Raymond Unwin and Mr. W. E. Riley discussed the practical problems of the future of our cities. The latter described London as "one of the most costly examples of the evils arising from the lack of proper appreciation of the aims which this Conference is convened to promote." One of the difficulties upon which he dwelt—namely, that of collecting and discharging the vast multitudes which enter the great City by a few railway approaches—is, however, far more embarrassing for New York than for London.

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MR. PEPLER, in an interesting paper on Greater London, propounded a bold and comprehensive scheme of traffic reform. Whereas London is fairly well-served with radial roads, it is conspicuously lacking in concentric communications. A great ring-road round the outskirts of London would link up the existing radial roads and greatly economise the traffic, much of which could circle London instead of passing through and congesting the central roads. Such a ring-road would open up a great deal of fresh land which, properly town-planned, could form "an almost continuous garden suburb round London," with the ring as its centre. This proposal, however, met with much criticism. If it was near enough to the centre to afford much relief, it would be too costly and involve too great disturbance of existing arrangements. If it lay outside existing London, most of the alleged economies of traffic would be proportionately reduced.

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IN the National Union of Women Workers which held its Conference at Lincoln this week, Miss M. E. Marshall, organising officer of the Women's Department of the Labor Exchanges, in a very timely paper drew attention to the gravest weakness in the present condition of women wage-earners, the enormous proportion of casual employment due to the irregular demand issuing from households. Charwomen, dressmakers, and other day-workers form an enormous and probably a growing proportion of the entire body of female wage-earners, and the precarious character of their livelihood is notorious. The Glasgow Labor Exchange has taken a lead which it is hoped will be widely followed in inducing householders to apply at the Exchange for such workers, so enabling the labor market to be organised as to secure full and regular employment for competent women instead of casual and insufficient employment for large numbers of incompetents.

Politics and Affairs.

GOVERNMENT BY CONFERENCE.

"A further meeting of representatives of the Government and the Opposition was held to-day in London for the discussion of the constitutional question.—"The Times" of Wednesday and Thursday last."

"A meeting of the Cabinet was held on Thursday" (*Daily Press*, October 12th).

We could not have a much better example of the change which has come over our home politics since the opening of the Constitutional Conference than the announcements which are placed at the head of this article. For some months the effective government of this country has been divided between two bodies. The first is the regular Executive, *i.e.*, the specially selected body known as "his Majesty's servants" which really depends on the will of Parliament. The second and much more important organ of government consists of the eight self-nominated men, chosen in equal parts from the two Front Benches, who are practically drafting a new Constitution. On their will and word the vital political action of the country stands in suspense; the House of Commons living on the scraps of fare that are not required for the sustenance of the new source of energy, and the Cabinet constituting itself the pipe for conducting this meagre diet to the Mother of Parliaments. Not only present-day politics are out of the question while the Conference meets. The future is equally engaged. Mr. Balfour has refused his followers an electioneering programme, and stifled the revolt which called for it. No Liberal leader has spoken intelligibly on any large issue since Parliament adjourned. Nor is any reference to the constituencies to be thought of while the Conference holds the field. Yet, according to some critics, the original aim of the Conference was merely to set up a time-consuming machine until the languor begot by the events of last summer had worn itself out. What, then, are we to assume? That the Conference will go on, though political spirit on both sides has clearly and powerfully revived? Again, we are bidden to look to the practical exigencies of the hour. Neither party wants a General Election. The Tories think it hopeless to revive Protection in face of the world-revolt against the general contribution it has made to the misery of the workers. The Liberals cannot go to the country until they have made their own account with Irish Nationalism and British Labor. Outside the Conference, no powerful independent personality knocks at the door and demands either a definite issue or a clear declaration of progress and policy. As a result of this back and forward play of interests and calculations, the Ministry finds a tacit consent to its continuance in office till the summer, which would leave in its hands the management both of the Coronation and the Colonial Conference.

It seems to us clear, however, that this relaxed and enfeebled view of our political life cannot continue much longer. Has the Conference such matter before it, and has it reached a sufficiently broad basis of agreement to justify a further suspension of Parliamentary Government? We are vaguely assured that it has, and that we must take it that the party leaders have in view, not

merely a working adjustment of the relations between the two Houses, but an agreement on the most important constitutional issue, which is Home Rule or Devolution. Mr. Redmond's declaration in favor of federal Home Rule, Mr. Birrell's hint of an Imperial Senate, give color to this suggestion. But here again we have to consider the average modes and habits of our political life. The last Home Rule Bill was framed for and by a Parliament. It is clear that only a sketch plan could be worked out by a secret and unrepresentative body, lacking a specific reference, and with no party authority behind it. We live under popular Government, not under a Council of Eight. As it happens, an issue of great moment has arisen, on which strongly opposed views have already been developed. We take it that the Government will find itself compelled to restore the time-honored right of labor representation through the action of trade unions, which the Osborne judgment has brought to an end, that the Tory Party will oppose this remedy, and that the House of Lords will destroy the Bill that provides it. Here, then, we have a revival of the whole material of the controversy about the Lords. How can it be handled while the truce obtains? How can the two forms of political action—that of combination between the two parties and that of vigorous strife between them—be reconciled? Either we continue in the dim twilight of half-politics to which the Conference condemns both parties, or we emerge into the atmosphere of full discussion and free action to which we are accustomed. The first course seems to be made impossible by the urgency of the labor question. The second involves the failure of the Conference, and the prospect of an immediate and obscure appeal to the nation, which may yield to neither questioner the explicit answer it desires.

For our part, we can only warn our statesmen that the sands are running out, and that if we assume, as assume we must, that some advance has been made during the earlier sittings of the Conference in the direction of an agreement in finance, this carries us a very trifling distance towards the goal at which the Liberal Party aims, and does nothing more than formalise a distribution of powers which, until the usurpation of the Lords last autumn, every one presumed to be a fixed point in the Constitution. The Conference was not set up in order to inform the country that it can only be lawfully taxed by the House of Commons. Its single objective was the discovery of a plan by which Liberal and Tory Governments could obtain something like equal chances for the passage of their Bills. The Liberals tacitly agreed to leave open the method of securing this end. The Tories tacitly agreed to pursue it by means short of the abolition of the House of Lords. If in the course of its deliberations the Conference has not only made progress towards this goal, but has "prospected" for an Irish settlement, we may think this an ambitious programme, calling for an early reference to Parliament. But we shall all be grateful for the release it might give to the pressing activities of the hour. Such a prize would be worth some sacrifices, but if there is no chance of securing it, and we are witnessing an elaborate tactic, prolonged for

months after its plausible excuse had vanished, the members of the Conference will open their doors on a vexed and perhaps an unmanageable scene. Some tangible result we must obtain. We presume that the Prime Minister has laid down the main lines of the Liberal complaint against the Lords. If the Conference fails, we have a right to know why it broke down. It will then be for the Liberal leaders to inform us at what point Mr. Balfour and his associates refused the remedy in the act and through the instrument which admitted the grievance.

THE QUESTION OF THE MOMENT.

We shall not readily be accused of any undue coldness towards Labor candidatures if we express a hope that Mr. Crooks will not complicate the South Shields by-election by presenting himself as a candidate. The relations of Labor and Liberalism—always the turning-point of democratic politics—were never more delicate than they are just now. The Labor movement has suffered its second great rebuff at the hands of the judges. The first defeat it wiped out handsomely by its alliance with the Liberal Party in 1906. The second can only be dealt with by the same means and on the same basis. The Labor Party by its unaided strength can neither secure the reversal of the Osborne judgment, nor such a modification of the law as will effectively enable the trade unions to resume their part in politics. Nor can they look to the Conservative Party for help. Some of that party are for giving them payment of members, which is well as far as it goes, but is not the demand of Labor. Others regard payment of members as the first step into the abyss in which the choice of electors will be unfettered and the quasi-monopoly of representation by wealth will be done away. But no section of the party will lay hands on the ark of the covenant. To this position the Osborne Judgment is already in rapid course of promotion. At the age of ten months it has become a sacred and time-honored institution, and politicians who never dreamed of illegality in the political action of the unions for forty years, now demand in tragic accents what would become of the constitution, and the Empire, and the British name if the old state of things were to be restored. There will be no tampering with the judgment on the part of the Conservatives. Even Mr. Balfour is willing to give a lead on this point, though, to do him justice, he does not sound his trumpet quite so loudly as do some of his followers.

Labor, then, must on this point look to Liberalism. And it is only fair to warn Labor that many Liberals will require some convincing. Our own views have been stated fully and frankly in previous articles, and we are glad to see that they are substantially adopted by Mr. Russell Rea, whose return for South Shields would restore one of the ablest defenders of Free Trade to the House of Commons. But though we believe that these views will finally commend themselves to the party and to the Government—for Liberals have a way of coming right in the end—we cannot conceal that there are considerations which tell with some Liberals and cause hesitation. . The chief of these turns on a very old

Liberal principle, the principle of the individual conscience. Mr. Osborne declares that he himself acted entirely on conscientious grounds, and we see no reason to doubt his account. He is a Liberal, and he objected to being forced to subscribe to the fund in aid of an avowed opponent of Liberalism. Who can blame him? Certainly no Liberal. Had he been a Conservative and had he taken up the same position, again no Liberal could blame him. This sort of resistance of the individual to the collective will, whatever the practical difficulties that it throws in the way of progress, has always been of the vital stuff of which Liberalism is made, and a refusal to sympathise with it would be a sign of the approaching dissolution of their creed. The difficulty can fortunately be met, as we showed last week, by a conscience clause, and as the same point has been taken up by Mr. Russell Rea, we shall, no doubt, be in a position to judge of the way in which the unions regard it. We do not believe that such a clause would involve any practical difficulty in the working or would be found seriously to hamper the political efficiency of the unions. It does not follow that it would be without effect. It is the recognition of a principle, and it would be in practice a safety valve. It might well be strengthened by a provision which would more often be felt in actual operation, requiring a majority of a certain size, two-thirds or even three-fourths, to legalise the application of union funds in support of any specific candidature. It may fairly be argued that a union ought not to be committed to a policy by a bare majority, and the requirement of a substantial margin would be a guarantee which might satisfy anxious minds that are not convinced of the operative efficacy of a conscience clause.

In any case and without prematurely insisting on details, we are certain that the Labor Party will have to convince ordinary Liberal opinion that the political activity of the unions as collective organisations can be fairly reconciled with the claims of the individual trade unionist. On the other side, we would with no less emphasis warn our Liberal friends that, if they decline to deal with the question, they break up the democratic alliance which has been the corner-stone of our politics since 1906. That the Labor Party is the most accommodating of allies we do not pretend. It maintains its independence, and that independence is not devoid of angles which impinge most sharply on the persons of those who sit nearest to it. These persons are for the most part Liberal candidates, and not always the candidates least sympathetic to Labor. We could sometimes wish that relations might be a little better defined than they are. But when the worst has been said it remains that, so far as England is concerned, the body of skilled and organised labor is now the main social force on which progressive politics has to rely. Here is the strength not only of the movement for social reform, but of the defence of Free Trade, of peace, and of the rights of the House of Commons. To deal with such a situation as that created by the Osborne judgment, we have need of leaders who take a broad view of the political situation and are capable of a dispassionate measurement of political forces. It is not to be faced in the bitterness of

mood that triangular contests are apt to engender, but with the large and calm temper of men accustomed to rely on the broad and deeper currents that slowly but surely make in this country, as in others, for democratic progress. Such men will recognise that an alliance with Labor on terms which violate no Liberal principle is for their party the alternative, not merely to immediate defeat, but to ultimate sterility.

THE STABILITY OF THE NEW REPUBLIC.

No revolution is complete or assured until it has survived the first tentative of reaction. Even while the crowds cheer and the orators predict a new era, we may be sure that the seeds of disillusion and discontent have somewhere been sown. Yet in the brief perspective of a week the Portuguese upheaval has acquired an appearance of finality from which it is difficult to free our imaginations. It is as hard to imagine the triumphant return of the ex-King Manoel from his inglorious flight as it is to conceive the other branch of the Braganza dynasty restored in Brazil. The collapse of the old régime is, to all appearance, complete. We knew when the constitution was proclaimed in Turkey that the old leaven would go on fermenting in Yildiz Palace and the dark corners of Asia Minor. But the Portuguese have made cleaner work than the Turks. The dynasty is gone, and gone, so far as we can judge, unregretted. The better men of the two monarchical parties had evidently been won over, openly or in secret, to the Republican idea, long before the blow was struck. The last Ministry was obviously running with all its sails set before the storm which at last overtook it. Its promises of anti-clerical legislation, hastily made after the General Election, were a last desperate attempt to lighten the ship of its Jesuit cargo. The event has shown that the few men who have anything to lose by the change are at once too unpopular to rally support, and too feeble to give battle themselves. We are inclined to think that the catastrophe was long over-due, and might almost as well have occurred two years ago as last week. We recollect the rather nervous boast of the late King Carlos that he had the Army devotedly on his side. The same issue of the "Temps" which contained this assurance, also published the fact that with bankruptcy before it, and a populace on the verge of revolt against the burden of taxation, the Government of the Dictator Franco was constrained to buy the loyalty of this same devoted Army by extravagant increases in its pay. Such concessions told their own tale. The servants of the old régime knew very well that the conscript Army shared the feelings of the people, and they realised also that if a Republican revolt was to be staved off, it could only be by adopting the anti-clerical programme of the Republican party. These are vital facts in estimating the stability of the new order.

There can be only one verdict on this revolution. It is the triumph of men who cared enough for their principles to organise victory over men who were too indifferent and too slothful in their conservatism to observe the most elementary precautions. One may doubt whether any plot on so large a scale as this can

ever be a secret. The Turkish revolution might have been foreseen, and was indeed foreseen six months before it occurred. The Portuguese revolution was so generally expected that one might almost suppose that the ruling class had resigned itself to the inevitable. It knew that it would presently have to defend its privileges, and clearly it lacked even the remnant of character which selfish men will commonly display in such emergencies. Some sections of the Army gave proof of the ordinary instincts of healthy fighting men, and resisted, rather because there was something aggressive in front of them to attack, than because there was anything sacred behind them to defend. But there has rarely been a more abject exhibition of inertia and incompetence on the part of the politicians, the courtiers, and the higher officers who form the possessing class. Once more the omen is favorable to stability. The character and brains of Portugal are on the winning side. One can hardly suppose that the men who allowed themselves to be outmanœuvred with a lack of prescience so complete, and a power of improvisation in the emergency so feeble, will ever be able to direct a formidable reaction. Lisbon is wholly on the side of the revolution, and there is nothing to suggest that the provinces are much behind it in their radicalism. The illiterate peasantry are, probably, indifferent to what has happened. But by lighter taxation and a juster system of conscription, they stand to gain at once by the change.

While one may feel confident that no royalist reaction is likely to trouble the new Republic, it is by its talent for reconstruction that it must stand or fall. Everything lies in ruins in this decadent corner of the Latin heritage. The soil is untilled over vast areas. The peasants migrate over the Atlantic as steadily as our own flock to the towns. The finances hover continually on the verge of a confessed bankruptcy. The Colonies are undeveloped, save where slave labor has brought its cruel prosperity to the islands. The navy is useless, and the army hardly more serviceable. The whole machinery of education is yet to create, and a tradition of freedom and honesty in the working of representative institutions to build up. The emphasis of popular interest is not altogether reassuring. One ought not to expect the mob to shout in the streets for schools. But its unnatural rage against the monastic orders offers temptations to the demagogue. The grave aspect of such a temper is that it lures a radical party into facile programmes of destruction, and diverts its attention from constructive work. If Mr. Rafael Shaw's account of the work of the Order in Spain is in any way to be paralleled in Portugal, the Jesuits must have done something to earn the execration with which they have been expelled, and our own country, which by statute confirmed their banishment in the very act of emancipating Catholics, has perhaps no right to be critical of this policy. But Portugal cannot afford to expend her ardors in such work. Nor, we hope, shall we hear more ambitious talk about the need of a powerful navy. On such enterprises the Young Turks are in danger of making shipwreck. Their example, indeed, is one which the Portuguese will do well to study. With

a high ideal there must go a certain economy, and a choice between ends. The first step which they will take, if they wish to secure their future, will be to engage some honest and capable expert to put their finances in order. Without that preliminary they may find themselves ere long the prey of the speculative banker, and the toy in the intrigues of covetous Powers. It is, we believe, a part of the Republican programme to undertake in earnest the suppression of the Angola slave trade, which even the old *régime* was constrained to reform on paper. The Republicans were the one party which had the courage on occasion to admit the truth of the English criticisms of this abominable traffic. Their efforts to suppress it will be watched with friendly but anxious attention, and nothing will go so far as their success to confirm our disposition to welcome the new order.

It is inevitable that a change so sudden and so happy should invite speculation. Can Spain, with a history in many ways so similar, avoid a like change? There, too, a sense of decadence makes for a thorough revolution, and the same powerful anti-clerical impetus strengthens, not merely the distinctively Republican, but the general Liberal, propaganda. There, also, the corruption and incompetence of the Royalist parties is a temptation to the forces outside them. The great deterrent is, doubtless, the fear that a Spain which never has been unified, and shows on the slightest provocation its separatist tendencies, might break in pieces in the moment of revolution. Could the clerical Biscay provinces and radical Barcelona both be retained if revolution came? The area is vast and diverse and sparsely peopled. Madrid does not dominate it, as Lisbon dominates the compacter body of Portugal. The Army is more disciplined, the Royal House is not unpopular with its rank and file, while the workmen and peasantry, though they both hate the Orders, remain faithful to the Catholic religion. Yet it may be that the Republican idea in a frankly federal dress might, in the end, solve the problem of unity, and that an impulse from Portugal might force it into a Pan-Iberian channel

LABOR'S UNREST.

THE world's labor unrest has culminated in the most sensational of all strikes. The sudden abandonment of work on the French railways is a kind of demonstration, which, in its effect on the comfort of every citizen and the convenience of international trade, is far more arresting than any labor war in coal mine, factory, or shipyard. The consequences, immediate or ultimate, of this present warfare—unparalleled, in the swiftness of its action, in Western Europe—are still doubtful. How far the political element, represented by the "Confédération Général du Travail," transcends in this enterprise the social discontent which is to-day cosmopolitan in character, is still a matter for conjecture. To M. Briand—ex-advocate of the General Strike, now scandalised at the partial fulfilment of his dreams—the thing is nothing but a criminal outbreak of violence and disorder. To other students of the condition of labor in France, the action of the men seems an intelligible, if not an inevitable, result of con-

tinual refusal to redress grievance, combined with an evident determination to crush the solidarity of the labor organisation. To anyone, indeed, who has studied the history of working strikes in England and Europe, and especially, perhaps, in America, during the last few decades, the explanation so readily given in each case, of natural perversity, of "Socialist" or "Anarchist" agitations, of violent and arrogant demands truculently proclaimed, is nearly always incorrect. In the majority of these declarations of war, great reserves of patience and endurance have been exhibited. In many of them the strike has been against grievances which seem for the moment irremediable, but grievances which are none the less real. In some, as, for example, in the great engineering conflict of some ten years back, the men are obviously in the wrong; but even in these cases there is a kind of "wild justice" in some of their demands, however impracticable these demands may be. In the French railway strike the motive power at the centre may be, as is so vigorously asserted, the resolve of the few to break a *bourgeois* society into pieces, without much forecast of what would rise upon the ruins. But such cloudy or criminal idealism could not affect the mass of railway workers scattered through various departments, and each confronted with the task of living his own individual life and sustaining his own individual family. To these the spirit which sings the "Internationale" in dingy procession, is in reality interpreted as revolt against some specific disability; either an old disability newly apprehended, or some new disability which seems for the moment unendurable. The rise in the cost of living, here, as in Austria and Germany, seems to be the most fruitful breeder of social disorder. In Vienna this discontent has taken the form of organised protest against the Tariff, and a demand for the "opening of the frontiers" to untaxed meat and corn. In Paris the demand amongst the railway workers is for increased wages to compensate the tariff food taxes. It is illuminating to note that in the form which Labor unrest takes in this country—in the two great threatened strikes in cotton and coal and the shipbuilding imbroglio—this particular cry has been absent. The cost of living has been increased, but it has been mitigated by the fact that it has not been artificially stimulated. And the demand for the "opening of the frontiers" can never be heard in this land; the frontiers are open and will never be closed again.

Yet the Labor unrest still demands explanation, and a number of inquirers have hazarded the task. Why to-day more than yesterday? one may ask. Why now, when trade is booming and work assured, rather than then, when trade was slack and work uncertain? In the early 'nineties strikes appeared to be the normal accompaniment of industry; but for many years industrial peace seemed assured, and men were confident in the industrial world as men are apt to be confident in the earthquake zones that the old terrors will never return again. And just as that confidence is assured, a sudden subterranean upheaval in the dim incalculable Labor world reveals how premature is this sense of security. Mr. Wells puts the motive cause in the "boredom" of Labor with its own occupation. Hammering all day in the dark-

ness, engaged through the weeks which stretch out into years inexact replica of similar monotony toil, a kind of sickness and disgust with itself comes to afflict the dissatisfied soul of man. He sees the evil, but can see no remedy. He strikes like some blind giant, reckless and angry, to ease him of his pain. A great organiser of Capital confided a somewhat similar theory to the present writer. Industrial warfare, he declared, was like national warfare. Each generation which had experienced it, had no wish for its recurrence. Each new generation, with no experience of its miseries and futilities, had to learn, by the test of suffering, the bedrock hardnesses and injustices of a world where men can never attain what they desire. Every twenty years Labor tries a fall with Capital; thinking to obtain better wages, more durable conditions, some control over its fate. Then follows a period of armed conflict, then of sullen and forced acceptance, until another generation, learning of life's good things from popular prints, and desirous of obtaining more of them, once again tries the "short cut," by industrial warfare, towards human betterment. Still another explanation is given, in a very remarkable article in the "*Westminster Gazette*" of last Tuesday, by its correspondent from Tyneside. To this observer it is less boredom with work that is the cause, than boredom with play—disgust with, and reaction against, the only life that is offered to them before the doors of the factory are opened, or after they are closed. He notes, indeed, what is an explanation of discontent accompanying prosperity in trade: that the workman, especially the younger workman, is convinced that he is getting less than his fair share of the enormous super-wealth of England. High dividends, machinery that saves expenses, evidence of luxury, extravagance, and display such as this Europe has rarely seen before, accompany a wage which has shown little positive increase in actual amount, and whose real value, in spending power, has probably fallen rather than risen of late years. And all this is brought home, as never before, to an "educated proletariat" by a cheap and popular Press. The question, as this writer sees it, is one less of actual wages than of surroundings and of opportunities. "He is uneasy at the dirt and squalor amid which he finds himself, and yet he scarce knows what is wrong with him. Deep down in his soul is blind revolt against life as he finds it." It is the revolt of the spiritual rather than the sordid side of the workman; the conviction that he was not made to live by bread alone. "At the base of all this ferment is the fact that education has raised the whole standard of thought and of conduct of the workman, and has given him imagination and ideals. He is cleaner in his habits and his home life, he drinks far less, his interests are immensely more varied." The Free Trade controversy has shown him that his wages are higher than his Continental competitors, and his hours of work fewer; yet it has shown him also that the French and German workmen seem somehow to get more out of life than he is able to do. The general outlook—to this writer—is mournful. The men have ceased to believe either in strikes or in conciliations.

"Ask the men what they think would serve their interests better, and you get no answer. They have no other remedy to suggest; they see no way out; they are beaten and heart-sick, yet full of inarticulate protest against the lives they must live." This—if it be there—is the most dangerous of all tempers; far more menacing than any impracticable hopes of obtaining the Millennium through a cosmic revolt. For when any large bodies of men attain the conviction of the Samaritan lepers—if we stay we die—if we go forward, we can but die—there is stuff for upheavals and overturnings such as few care to contemplate. At Tyneside the Open Door of emigration provides relief, and the hope and energy of the young is streaming away to lands over the sea. This acts as an overflow pipe, to prevent bursting; but it is a drainage of the best, and that we can least afford to spare. The time seems imminent when the curse, which the wiser Victorian observers saw inevitable, will descend upon a people that "thus could build." The unchecked, unorganised individualistic greed which built Canning Town and Ancoats and Jarrow, which to-day is building Eastleigh and Willesden and Tooting, will find its fruit in a revolt against a life reared under conditions which man was never intended to endure. The "Town Planning Conference" appears to some to be occupied with the frills and adornment of life, a kind of fancy aesthetic taste irrelevant to the main current of existence. The Town Planning Act comes late in the day. Yet it may be that through this new consciousness of impossible environment, and this instrument now provided to make the horrors of past squalor in building and planning for ever impossible, will come one way at least of satisfying Labor's present unrest and despair.

THE SUPPRESSION OF FINLAND.

THE dissolution of the Finnish Diet by the Russian Governor-General, under order from the Tsar, marks another step in the assault upon Finland's liberties. It is only a month since the Diet opened, but from the first the end was evident. The Russian Government issued three proposals: Legislation on the rights of Russians in Finland; legislation on the military contribution in place of conscription, which was for the present postponed; and the election of four representatives to the Russian Duma, and two to the Imperial Council. The Diet did not refuse to comply with these proposals; it refused to consider them. It had already legislated on the military contribution; where Russians had any reasonable grievance about their rights before becoming naturalised by three years' residence, the Diet would undoubtedly have yielded; probably it would have elected representatives to the Duma and Council. But the proposals were presented in so unconstitutional a form that even to have considered them would have implied the abandonment of all Finland's ancient liberties. The Finnish Diet is the most democratic assembly that has ever existed, for it is elected by adult suffrage, on a basis of proportional representation that protects minorities. The parties within the Diet are vigorous and sharply defined. Yet, without the exception of a

single group, or even of a single member, the Diet decided that the Russian proposals could not be considered.

They had been sent by the Council of Ministers, of which M. Stolypin is President. They had not been signed by the Tsar as Grand Duke of Finland. General Langhoff, the Finnish Secretary of State in St. Petersburg, had not been consulted. They were published first in the Russian newspapers, and then forwarded by post to the Diet, instead of being laid before it in the Governor-General's opening speech. Such methods could only be regarded as studied breaches of Finland's Constitution, granted originally by the Swedes, and renewed with solemn oaths by Alexander I. of Russia and by all his successors, including the present Tsar. The methods were but a development of the law that M. Stolypin contrived to force through the packed Duma last summer by the aid of the extreme reactionaries, and in spite of the protests of such Liberals as still remain in that assembly—a law to bring under the control of the Russian bureaucracy all the fundamental issues of political and civil order, and the customs. In face of such claims, the Diet's only course was strictly to follow the Constitutional lines. To have yielded on one point would have been to yield on all. Unanimously it agreed to take no notice of the unconstitutional proposals, and now it is dissolved. M. Stolypin has ordered the two main proposals to be referred to the Russian Duma; there has been a report that he intends to abolish the Diet altogether, and cut up Finland into zemstvos, like a Russian province, and a large sum has been taken for the control of the Press. Meantime, new elections are ordered for January, and we cannot doubt that the people of Finland will return another Diet equally pledged to maintain their country's freedom.

We need not here dwell on the Constitutional aspect of the situation. That question we regard as settled once for all by the judgment pronounced last March by the greatest jurisconsults of Europe, including Sir Frederick Pollock, Sir Edward Fry, and Professor Westlake. Speaking of that judgment, even so grudging a friend of popular rights as the "Times" was compelled to admit (March 21st, 1910):—

"These opinions support the view we have consistently upheld, that Finland enjoys her autonomy, not as a temporary privilege granted to a conquered province, but as a legal right, and that the competence of the Finnish Diet can, legally, only be modified or restricted with its own consent."

We may take it for granted that the action of the Tsar and M. Stolypin is unconstitutional, contrary to the fundamental laws and the coronation oath. And the Finns are quite justified in insisting to the utmost upon their constitutional rights. But still, there are higher questions than the juridical, and questions of wider interest than the Constitution. There is, for instance, the uneasy feeling throughout Scandinavia that the destruction of Finland's liberty is only a step in Russia's attempt at expansion westwards. It is noticeable that Sweden's fortification of Boden, obviously aimed at securing herself against a Russian advance through Finland, was begun under the Bobrikoff tyranny in Finland in 1901, and is now being continued; also that

the Swedish fleet has now been moved northward to Stockholm and the Gulf of Bothnia; that Sweden is being attracted into a German alliance, because she can no longer feel confidence in Russia and her friends; and that Norway is being seriously warned that, at one point in her north-eastern frontier, Russia could penetrate through Finnish territory to within short and easy striking distance of a fiord that would provide her with a naval base upon the Atlantic. Such apprehensions may be exaggerated. We believe that, for the present, they are exaggerated, for Russia's foreign policy is unstable, and she is still incapable of such an effort by sea and land as an encroachment upon Scandinavia would imply. But the belief that she intends to use a subjected Finland as a stepping-stone for further advance is too widespread to be ignored. There was a time when Russia's approach to the Persian Gulf would have driven our Imperialists rabid. They bear it very quietly now. Will they be equally tame if they see her moving towards the Atlantic?

That may be a question belonging to a remote and speculative future, but there is nothing remote or speculative about Finland's danger now. It is not merely a point of constitutional right that is involved; it is a national existence, displayed in an ardent and highly advanced civilisation. In the high level of her education, in arts, in industry, and the practice of self-government, Finland can serve as a model for many older and greater nations. She has a serious, patriotic, and hard-working population; her commerce, especially with this country, is increasing fast; judged by her laws and general well-being, she would rank high among European States. But just because she chances to be the one free, educated, and comparatively happy portion of the Russian Empire, she is now sentenced to be destroyed. The Russian bureaucracy, the party of "True Russians," and statesmen who look to the Black Hundred as their ultimate support, cannot endure that Finland should stand as a perpetual object-lesson in democracy, an outpost of freedom on the very frontier of tyranny, and a possible city of refuge for the victims of oppression. Such politicians can never be satisfied till they have crushed down religion, education, and government, under the dull monotony of Empire. The suppression of nationality, in any case disastrous, becomes doubly shameful when an unusually advanced stage of civilisation is overwhelmed by a far lower stage, enforced by the brute violence of an enormous Power. In the case of Finland, the attempt may yet be frustrated by the determined patriotism and obstinate resisting force of the people; but before it is too late we would ask M. Stolypin and the Russian Government to consider again whether the attempt is worth the pains. The atrocity with which political prisoners have been treated in the Russian gaols, the official encouragement given to the Black Hundred and organisers of massacre, and the continued interference of Russian arms in Persia, have put a sore strain on Liberal support to our Russian understanding, and, after all, the Government of this country is Liberal. The suppression of Finland's liberty might well strain that understanding to the breaking-point.

Life and Letters.

POSITIVISM AND REVOLUTION.

For many years one of the commonplaces of superior writers has been the total extinction of Positivism. Just as twenty years ago Mill was extinct—he is now, we are told, read more than any philosopher of the nineteenth century in the German universities—just as for the last ten years Herbert Spencer has been extinct, just as George Eliot is extinct in the libraries and among the literary young men, so Comte and Positivism were extinct. In point of fact, nearly all thinkers, writers, artists, undergo a period of extinction, generally during the generation after their death, which seems to the men of the period to be final, but which is shortly followed by a resurrection. The extinction of Positivism, however, looked like something more than the mere oscillation in the fortunes of an individual writer. Of those who proclaim the extinction of Comte, probably not one in a thousand has read a page of him, and not one in a hundred has any adequate conception of his teaching. Enough that he stands in their eyes for a belief in the possibility of reorganising social life on a rational basis. It is rationalism that is held to have been swept away by the advancing tide of sentimentalism in philosophy, by sacerdotalism in religion, by the blending of Imperialism, Feudalism, and Royalism in politics. That considerable advance has been made in this direction in England must be candidly admitted. But abroad it looks as though Positivism, both in its broader and narrower sense, were still a force to be reckoned with. At any rate the Portuguese revolution is the third of its kind that has been distinctly inspired by avowed disciples of Comte. The first of the three was the revolution in Brazil, the second the Young Turk movement, and the third that which has Dr. Braga as its acknowledged head.

It is significant that all these movements have taken place among the "dying nations." Two of them belong to peoples of the Latin stock, whom the "Anglo-Saxons" of the Kiplingite period were prepared to write off the political map. We are not quite sure of the details of the programme of that day, but we rather think that the world was to be partitioned between England, America, and Germany—the Germans of the period counted as Anglo-Saxons—after a preliminary skirmish with Russia, who was then the enemy. China and South America were, of course, to be partitioned, and Latin Europe was to be administered for its own good. However, as events have turned out, the self-styled masters of the world have not proved a very happy family, while the dying nations have shown an unexpected determination to live. In this resolution their best men have been guided and inspired by the teaching of Comte. Apart from any views that we may have of the truth or falsity of the Comtist or any other form of positive philosophy, the fact is there, and is worth noting. It is also worth inquiring into the causes. How is it that a philosophy which has had little influence in England and Germany has proved itself a source of real strength to nations that were in deadly need of revivifying power? We would not, indeed, unduly depreciate the work of the professed Positivists in this country. In two directions in particular they have always been effective. In the crisis of trade unionism forty years ago they played an important part in safeguarding the rights of organised labor, and for half-a-century they have done much to support the allied causes of the smaller peoples, of Home Rule, and of internationalism. But they have never succeeded in this country in inspiring a concerted national movement for the reorganisation of society as they have done abroad. How are we to account for this contrast?

We may attribute something to the greater accessibility of the Latin races to the government of ideas. The teaching of Comte is eminently systematic, and the English mind is eminently abhorrent of anything approaching to system. The Englishman dislikes mental effort. From the laborious acquisition of a synthetic philosophy to the filling up of Form IV., he detests it

all, and it drives him to revolt. His very pocket is not so sensitive a spot as his brain, and the secret of his objection to Proportional Representation is that it involves a sum in division. His humanity forbids him to hang and burn the thinker, but he will rarely give him power. Nations with a less fortunate history are glad of the thinker's aid. They are conscious of the need of reorganisation, and they want the work to be thorough and complete. They are calling in the philosophers to be kings, and the world may well look with some interest to see what the philosophers will make of the opportunity. That they will not build the new Jerusalem in a day the philosophers themselves are tolerably well aware. It is one of the strong points of the Positive philosophy, and one that without doubt has helped to recommend it to the "backward" peoples, that it takes very full account of national history, that it rejects Utopias, and holds that progress is to be attained only by the fullest recognition of the limiting circumstances of any given nation, as laid down by its history. The test by which the disciples will stand or fall is not that of achieving an impossible perfection at a stroke, but that of saving their respective nations from sheer destruction, of realising the best elements of the national consciousness, and enabling their peoples to hold up their heads again in the community of the world. The future has yet to decide whether this test will be successfully passed. In the meantime, Portuguese and Young Turks alike have the good wishes of all whose sympathies are not limited by national pride or perverted by material ambition. Here again is a point at which the doctrine of Comte appealed to these peoples. The Positive view is universalist. It recognises all nations as members of the human family, and it recognises them not in the spirit of an abstract cosmopolitanism, but rather in a spirit of sympathy with the deeper and truer claims of nationalism. As Mazzini in one way, so Comte in another, held that each nation, as a nation, had its function, and he resolutely assigned to countries like Spain and Italy, which in his day were still enslaved, a permanent position in the great polity of the West. In the same way he was among the earliest to insist on the elements of vitality in the civilisation of the Far East, and his disciples were the first to attempt to interpret to Western Europe the history and the possibilities of Chinese culture.

It is this refusal of the political snobbery which takes account only of the dominant forces of the moment, this resolute emphasis on deeper and more permanent conditions, which led the Positive school to assess at their just value the nations, great in history, which seemed for the moment to have let the torch slip from their fingers. This confidence is not unfully repaid by the adherence of the leaders of the nation in question. On this side Positivism has surely earned its reward.

A third cause of the influence of Positivism in the Latin world we take to be the counter-influence of the Church. This is so alien from our notions that we have some difficulty in understanding it. With us the churches are many, and their influence various. But the Established Church itself, though on the whole a bulwark of the established order, never sets itself permanently and resolutely against reforms on which the nation is clearly bent and which are clearly in its interest. On the contrary, the best men of the Church are constantly to be seen upon advanced platforms, and advocating unpopular causes, with all the authority of Birmingham or the staunchness of Hereford. There is, to say the least, no sheer and sharply marked opposition in this country between the Church and democratic progress. In the Latin countries it appears to be otherwise. Here, from whatever cause, it has to be admitted that every leader of a progressive movement echoes the axiom of Gambetta. To fight reaction, stagnation, national death, is in these countries to fight Clericalism, and to fight Clericalism men turn to a creed which dispenses with the supernatural. They fight as we should have to fight in England if medievalism were to triumph, and they fight with spiritual as well as carnal weapons. They need, therefore, a theory of life justifying rationally the efforts of nations towards self-improvement, stimulating the men

of a small, oppressed, and seemingly decadent race by the recital of their past, showing how a brighter future may be won at the price of present sacrifice and persistent collective effort, restoring to the nations that have for the moment been left behind in the race the self-confidence and self-respect which are the conditions of vital activity. That is what their leaders have found in the Positive discipline.

THE AGE OF NERVES.

A WELL-KNOWN educationalist has long advocated the practice of setting apart fixed times for the private denial of the routine principles and practices which we permit to guide us without question in our everyday thoughts and conduct. For in what other way, than by such personal dramatic contradiction, can we keep ideas vital and preserve ourselves from servitude to mere routine? If such a regimen is too severe for most of us, or seems to strike the note of artifice, we may at least acknowledge that it is useful to have some energetic men and women who shall take upon themselves this function of challengers. It is particularly necessary so to deal with the optimist or pessimist generalisations about "the age we live in" that lie so thick in the intellectual atmosphere. Now there is a type of academic specialist who seems especially provided by Providence to do this work. An excellent example is afforded by the pioneer in a new science, such as Psychology. For how better can the science-maker show the need for his science than by exposing the fallaciousness of the common thinking on the subject which he makes his special province? A notable instance of this method of the advancement of learning is contained in the latest volume from the too-industrious pen of Professor Münsterberg ("Problems of To-day": Fisher Unwin). One of the widest-spread dogmas of our generation is that modern civilisation involves a growing strain upon our nervous system, that the pace and complexity of city life and the continual necessity of adjusting ourselves to new mechanical or intellectual contrivances impose a nervous burden under which more and more of us are breaking down. Neurasthenia, we are constantly told, is on the increase; cases of mental breakdown crowd the consulting-rooms; the druggists thrive on patent nerve-cures from aspirine to the glycerophosphates. Christian Science, Higher Thought, and mental healing of every order attest the prevalence of the same disorders. The popular alarm has some palpably beneficial reactions: it has everywhere helped the temperance cause, and in America it has been a potent factor in abstinence legislation. Many brain-workers it has driven into country life, and it has stimulated all who can afford the time to longer and more frequent holidays. The spread of the cult of physical exercise probably owes much to the conviction that muscular activity will rest the overtaxed brain and nerves.

All this alarm and most of the remedies and preventives it has brought into vogue, Professor Münsterberg regards as mere delusions. We have deceived ourselves into dwelling upon imaginary symptoms until we are persuaded of the reality of the disease. The trouble arises from auto-suggestion. "It is an illusion that our time is more nervous than earlier periods; it is an illusion that the material and moral conditions under which we live are favorable to nervous diseases; it is an illusion that the highly-praised remedies would really serve their purpose if the disease existed." All this devotion to physical exercise, with the athleticism to which it leads, belongs to the "hygienic cant" which this illusion has evoked. "To wander through the country on a fine day is a beautiful inspiration and healthful for everyone; to need the walk with mechanical regularity is the product of a bad training, and to become the slave of Swedish gymnastic apparatus is no better than slavery to cigars."

The main object and the chief effect of modern mechanical civilisation is to save our nerves, not to tax them: to make life smoother, not harder, for us. The telephone and the elevators are nerve-saving inventions.

Compare the express train or the motor-car with the older modes of travelling by stage-coach, or on foot, on ill-made roads, amid all sorts of hazards, and modern movement is recognised as far more restful to the nerves. "Our poor forefathers had to go through much nerve-irritation, but our life is smooth. How their visual brain-centres must have suffered from their flickering light and from the astigmatism of lenses in the eye! We have mild, steady light, and the oculist corrects our lenses. Our triumphing natural science, with its marvellous inventions, with its progress of hygiene and pathology, has primarily removed the friction. Instead of a rough, rocky road, we move along a smooth asphalt street, over which there is really no difficulty in proceeding."

It is a plausible defence, containing plain elements of truth. But is it victorious? In the first place, Professor Münsterberg makes no pretence of explaining why this strong popular illusion should exist. Now the holiest illusion differs *toto celo* from mere non-existence. It is itself an important psychical reality, and a psychologist, above all other persons, might be expected to explain why, in the teeth of all essential facts, as he maintains, it has arisen. The sole contribution which he makes towards such explanation is quite unsatisfying. The chief cause of nervousness in former generations, he contends, was emotionalism and sentimentality. But now that we live in a matter-of-fact world, the mutual relations of men are cooler; this inhibits the free confidences and confessions of a more sensational age, and disagreeable feelings and memories become "strangulated in the mind and begin to work mischief in the brain centres." All this is singularly unconvincing; for a case stronger than Professor Münsterberg makes against our modern nervousness might easily be made against the alleged decay of sentimentalism and expressiveness. Though, therefore, it is undeniable that much of the trouble may be, as he contends, "nervousness over nervousness," and may be largely generated and enhanced by the too ready acceptance of catch-words about the spirit of the age, the potency of such a misinterpretation of the facts remains a mystery. On Professor Münsterberg's hypothesis, all that our neurotics have to do is to face the objective facts as he sees and shows them, and their neuroticism will evaporate like a miasma before the rising sun.

But are the facts as he sees and shows them? No doubt the modern apparatus of civilisation, mechanical, hygienic, political, has done much to diminish or abolish the graver hazards of life, and the ruder calls upon our physical energy. Upon the whole it is both labor-saving and life-saving. But the question put by Mill, whether it is certain that mechanical inventions applied to industry have lightened the toil for the workers, is not irrelevant in this wider application. Take, for example, the telephone or the frequent letter deliveries in our cities. They certainly make intercourse between man and man easier in respect of any one communication. But a result is the multiplication of acts of communication. Every day the modern business man has more numerous and quicker dealings than he used to have. On each dealing there is a saving of time and trouble, but may not this be more than offset by the pace and variety of mental adjustments involved in a day's work? The motor car makes it easier and quicker for a doctor to go his rounds, but he can and does see more cases in a day, and the length of intervals and the aggregate amount of rest as he moves from house to house are reduced. Is there here any net economy of brain work? Then, account must be taken of the common charges related to the complexity of our physical and social arrangements. More of the people live in great cities amid an increasing variety of sight and sound, and of other sensations. Much of this, no doubt, as Prof. Münsterberg insists, soon falls below the margin of consciousness and loses its full power of nerve-irritation. But surely a psychologist would be the last to deny that the physical impacts of these sensational phenomena remain, and by the extra burden of work they impose upon the organs continue to have a hidden effect upon the nervous system. Habit diminishes or economises this effect, but cannot cancel it. But more important still are the growing variety and complexity of calls upon

the intellectual and emotional powers arising from the modern social organisation of city life. If modern hygiene can yield a robustness of physique and a steadiness of temperament to correspond with the new demands, all may be well. A larger and a fuller life has been secured. But if the neuritic adjustments have lagged behind the demands of the new complexity of formal arrangements, we shall expect to find the sense of hurry and of worry, the running down of nervous energy, the rush to drugs and other physical or intellectual pick-me-ups, and all the other phenomena of "nervousness over nervousness" which admittedly occur. Nervous depression can no more be explained merely as a psychical illusion than commercial depression as a mere collapse of business confidence. In both cases the collapse of confidence is based upon untoward happenings in the world of facts, though brooding over them may breed a scare that makes the depression worse.

MAETERLINCK'S MIRACLE PLAY.

MAETERLINCK has essayed at last a theme and a manner which seem to mark the will to end apprentice work. He had wrought curiously in shadow worlds and borderlands. He had won for himself the place that belongs, even in Europe, to a unique and curious talent. Who else had built with material so slight, and suggestions so elusive, structures which still had in them an indisputable intellectual and emotional strength? That sense of the tragedy and meaning of silence, the drama of the inert moment when nothing happens, yet all is lost or won, who else had expressed it, whether in essay or on the stage? He was the master of that eerie kingdom of twilight. "Monna Vanna" marked, indeed, a departure from his earlier achievement. It was a drama of action. It could be summarised. It had a moving and definite plot. It was a step into Italian sunshine and Southern passion which seemed to leave finally neglected the shadows and mysteries of his Gothic workshop. But "Monna Vanna" was still a curious and even a precious piece of work. It was a study in unusual conjunctions, a theme sought out for its rarity and strangeness. It challenged no comparisons. One listened and wondered and applauded, but it remained Maeterlinck's curious tale, told, indeed, with a comparative directness, yet still a marvel that a very individual mind had dug for us from a strange pit and cut and polished for connoisseurs with a delicate and esoteric craftsmanship. In "Mary Magdalene" (Methuen) he has chosen one of the world's traditional themes. It is as though an admired painter of rich *genre* subjects or fanciful mythology had suddenly essayed, in the ripe maturity of his specialised talent, a Holy Family or a Crucifixion. There is no room here for suggestions and nuances. There is no place for the romancing psychology which seeks its rare and individual theme. This must be a broad and simple play if it is to live at all. Maeterlinck has gone to the old Christian story, the world's well, and every man's treasure chest, as the Greek dramatists went to the common myths of Argos and Thebes. It is a challenge to his readers to judge him, not by his subtlety, but by his power, not by his facility in invention, but by a straightforward gift of representing a tale which has moved our ancestors since the first martyr missionary told them the saga of Judaea.

There can be no half-success in work of this kind. One may praise a landscape that is not the greatest. One may hold priceless a sketch of fruit and flowers by a minor and uninspiring master. But, if a painter essays a Crucifixion, he must be great or fail. If "Mary Magdalene" were a sought-out theme from some national or secular history we should find it curious, interesting, skilful, and even moving. But it is, if it is anything, a miracle play for all Christendom. It must be either divine comedy or it must be failure. Truth to tell, it is a little hard to classify it. It is not, brief as it is, one play, but two. Its first two acts are a rather ingenious and plausible historical reconstruction. Its last act is a moving human drama which achieves pathos and misses greatness. Maeterlinck has set himself to con-

ceive the milieu in which the Magdalene may have lived. We move among the Roman luxury of the suburban villa of Bethany. The chief persons are a rather pedantic old philosopher, who talks like a retired rhetorician, and a courtly Roman soldier who pursues his desires against the background of Jewish fanaticism. Mary is a fashionable courtesan, more than a little cynical, bitter and insolent in the knowledge of her own degradation. The talk is stilted, and of a conscious artificiality. We yawn over the wooing of Mary by Verus, and endure as best we may such speeches as this, in which the happy soldier rejoices when he seems to have won her:—

"Come, I know these tears that well at the same moment from our two hearts in our one joy. . . . But here, between the columns of the vestibule, come the greatest ornaments of that beautiful Rome which we shall soon astonish with our love. . . . I am right: it is our good Silanus, accompanied by the faithful Appius; led by the immortal gods, they descend by the marble steps to hallow with their fraternal presence the first smiles of a happiness born under their eyes."

One tries to turn it into passable Latin prose as one reads. It is about as natural as an oration by the Public Orator at Oxford, and very much less witty. The play begins to live only when the Jewish rabble that follows the obscure teacher, whom these Romans conceive to be half brigand, half simpleton, invades the gardens. But the scene is the merest curtain mechanism. A voice from behind the garden hedge is heard reciting the beatitudes, and Mary, hypnotised, moves towards it amid the protests of her Roman friends. The rabble is about to fall upon the courtesan in a frenzy that is half puritanism, half xenophobia, when the Voice stills the tumult with the inevitable "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her."

The second act moves through the same painstaking admixture of archaism and theatrical machinery. There is more Roman love-making. There is a description of the raising of Lazarus, told, indeed, with a certain journeyman's skill. The curtain arrives once more with the summoning of Mary—this time by Lazarus, who comes, still pale and ghastly from the tomb, to fetch her to his Master. The scene, one may allow, would be effective and striking on the stage—if ever the Censor were likely to permit it. But it is the art of the maker of tableaux. There is no real internal movement. There is only a skilful use of miracle for stage purposes, and an appeal to the power over our hearts of sacred words and sayings, which alternates with the uncanny suggestion of an attraction that is rather hypnotic than moral.

It is only in the third Act that one seems to reach anything that is direct and human, anything that has an interest as a study of motive. The scene is in the House of Joseph of Arimathea on the eve of the Crucifixion. The blind, the halt and the maimed, a crowd of living miracles, are shivering and wondering over their Master's fate, each revealing with some abysmal touch his meanness, his cowardice, his ingratitude. In the handling of this crowd, in the constant repetition of this pettiness, Maeterlinck displays his individual art, his own peculiar skill. He sketches these obscure monsters with a technique that converts them into a sort of moral background. Mary alone among them is great, exalted, and brave in her ardent spiritual love for her Master. Verus, the soldier, commands the guard that is to execute the reluctant, contemptuous Roman justice upon the victim of the High Priests. The scene is the motive of "Measure for Measure." He will contrive an escape if Mary will give him her body. She hardly hesitates in her magnificent refusal, and at once the blind, the maimed, and the paralytic, the living miracles in all their corporate meanness, fall upon her as a traitor no better than Iscariot. The tragedy sweeps on, and we follow it to the end in the mirror of their gibbering terrors, their mean alarms. That is the real drama, the real art. Maeterlinck has painted the Crucifixion with the sick men and the beggars, as it were, for his colors. They put out the lights at the window lest the Romans should see them, as the Master is heard to stagger down the street outside. A world-event is seen in shadow-play. One extinguishes the candles. Another rushes for the door. A third would lie down hiding by the wall. And

so, by painting the little, Maeterlinck suggests the great. The great theme has been essayed, and it has left Maeterlinck still outside the ranks of the great masters. His reconstruction of the period is, indeed, average, capable work—if one would measure it, let it be compared with the grace and subtlety of the dialogues in Anatole France's "Sur la Pierre Blanche," where the same Graeco-Roman world of Pontius Pilate laughs and blushes with a vitality to which the wit alone gives blood and movement. The characterisation is elementary, and Mary Magdalene herself is never more than a sketch and an outline. The two incidents on which the whole plot turns—the use of the Scriptural woman taken in adultery, and the temptation of Mary to sell herself to ransom her Master—are, as Maeterlinck candidly confesses in his preface, borrowed from the German poet-dramatist, Paul Heyse, a bold if honest robbery. The scenes between Verus and Mary, despite some fine lines, fail entirely to move as one reads, though doubtless powerful actors would make something of them. What remains, distinctive, original, characteristic, is the extraordinarily powerful handling of the mob of beggars and sick men in the last act. Maeterlinck makes of them something more than a Greek chorus. They are humanity. They are all the cowardice and meanness of the human race. They are the irredeemable millions to whom the Kingdom of Heaven is opened in vain. It is, perhaps, a slight art which uses them so skilfully. But it achieves its results with astonishing power. Maeterlinck has essayed a great theme, and once more he has proved that his forces are all in the handling of the subtle and the indirect, in extracting from the petty an awful significance, and from the banal word the ring and the terror of tragedy. The limits and also the forces of his talent stand more than ever defined. He can suggest a figure by painting a background. He can make us divine the air by repeating the variations.

MORE CHRISTIAN NAMES.

"ESPRIT" is given as a Christian name in France. The names of the great Festivals were often used, as "Noël," now a common English name. "Christmas," by the way, is sometimes met with in Wales, as Christmas Evans. "Toussaint," again, is used in France, especially in the Midi. Toussaint l'Ouverture is an example. "Panaghi" is the Greek version of the same thing. "Pascual," "Pascuale," and the like are common in Latin lands. The writer remembers as a boy reading a story by Mr. Clark Russell of Spanish sailors picking up a castaway child at sea. They called him "Pascual" because it was Eastertide, and he went with them far southward in the Easter weather. This gave him a great sense of triumph, and of its being Easter over land and sea. There is no English version of this name, unless, as one suspects, "Pasco," used in Cornwall, is the same thing in the forgotten Cornish tongue. More probably it came from the wrecked Armada sailors. In Spanish America names like "Ascension," "Assuncion," "Concepcion," are commonly given to girls. The names of the Archangels are very widespread. The waiter who brings your omelette in a Strand restaurant is very possibly named "Angelo," or even "Serafino" or "Cherubino."

One idea in giving a name has always been to bestow on the child a pledge and augury of good. "*Nomen est omen.*" Names with evil associations have thus always naturally been avoided. "Dismas," for instance, the traditional name of the Penitent Thief, was never adopted as a Christian name. His shameful life and bitter death outweighed in the popular mind even the "*Hodie Mecum in Paradiso.*" We may here remark in passing that it seems very probable that the word "dismal" is derived from "Dismas." It was, perhaps, coined in the same way as "jovial" and "mercurial." Skeat is puzzled by "this difficult word," as he calls it, and inclines to the idea that it comes from "decimalis." This seems far-fetched. The ballads sung about the streets, describing the execution of some murderer, with the account of

his dying repentance and confession, were just precisely what were described as "dismal ditties." The older English writers invariably use the word "dismal" to describe a desperate situation, not in the present-day sense of merely "dull" or "gloomy." The associations of the jail-bird and the rogue hang around the "dismal Jimmy" of modern slang. European language was moulded by Christianity. It colored the whole lives of our forefathers. Lazarus, again, to return to the names, was "carried by the Angels into Abraham's bosom," but the people, in the most devout periods, desirous of temporal good, remembered the dogs and the sores, and did not call their children after him. Conversely, the wealth and splendor of heathen kings often blinded them to their unbaptised condition. Names were sometimes coined in the Middle Ages. "Buonaventura" was a delightful invention. If we remember rightly, there was a medieval poet whose name in an English dress was "Good Fortune of the Pear-Trees." This, surely, is an ideal name for a troubadour.

Before the rise of Puritanism, Old Testament names were seldom, if ever, used in the West. The Eastern Church keeps the feast-days of the Old Testament worthies, and gives them the title of "saint" in speaking of them. It is, perhaps, by the way, through the connection of Venice with the East, that churches are found there, alone in Western Christendom, with Old Testament dedications, as, for example, San Moïse. In Russia, Old Testament names, at least those of the great saints, are frequent, Elias above all. Eastern religion refuses the distinction of past, present, and future, in Divine things, holding with St. Augustine that "the things of to-morrow and all beyond, and the things of yesterday, and all behind, God has done to-day." It always strikes one as being the religion of the Trinity rather than that of the Incarnation, and thus probably the same importance is not attached to having actually lived in the Christian era as is done in the West. In the records of old Brittany, as of old Cornwall, names like Solomon, Sampson, and Jonas frequently occur, while "Jeremiah" and "Daniel" have always been popular in Ireland. This is very unusual in Catholic countries, and may be due to the first missionaries to Celtic lands having come from the East. "Taffy," the name ascribed to the representative Welshman, is, of course, an Anglo-Saxon rendering of "Dafydd." Speaking of the Old Testament names, what a thrill it gives one to come across them in their Arab dress!—"Ibrahim," in three religions called "the Friend of God," "Nûh," the builder of the Ark and planter of the Vine; "Eyub," the patient Sheikh, whose sufferings are a proverb East and West; "Suliyman," the many-colored King of gorgeous Eastern legend. With the best will in the world, it is difficult to find these names impressive in their ordinary English dress. They seem associated with a very drab-colored world, and with such characters in history and fiction as Solomon Eagle, Noah Claypole, and Elijah Pogrom. They become more sympathetic in their Gospel forms of Noë, Elias, Jonas, and the rest, adopted outside of England by the whole Christian world. The Protestant suppression of the Apocrypha almost killed out such names as "Toby" and "Judith," so common in Elizabethan England. "Susannah" is still familiar in the beautiful English form of "Susan." The Puritans searched the Jewish Scriptures and disinterred names before unheard of, like Jabez, Ebenezer, Abijah, Keturah, Kezia, Jemima, to take the places of Francis, Martin, Christopher, Agnes, Lucy, and Catherine. Even "George on horseback," as Bunyan calls him, was to them an object of suspicion. In New England names like "Adoniram" and "Hephzibah" abound. In our own country churchyards you will now and again find a "Keren-happuch" resting under her grey lichenized slab. In the days of the Commonwealth, names like "Arise" and "Increase" were often given. The names of Mr. Pecksniff's daughters date from this epoch.

With the breaking up of the old order a strange confusion was introduced among the Christian names of English-speaking people. Both in England and America names taken at random out of books were substituted for names which were part of a living tradition. There

was a curious jumble of the names of all ages and countries, and apparently often a complete ignorance of their origin and meaning. The name "Lorenzo" was taken from "Keepsakes" and "Albums" by people who had never heard of St. Laurence. Why use "Lorenzo" when "Laurence" is the English form of a universal Christian name? Why say "Orlando" instead of "Roland," or "Inigo" instead of "Ignatius"? It is done in no other country in the world. The Shakespearean villain has probably saved many English lads from being named "Iago." The giving of surnames again as baptismal names appears to be a peculiarity confined to the English-speaking world.

At the present day the Old Testament names of Puritanism have gone the way of the names of the Catholic saints. Mere grotesque vulgarity is not so common as it once was, though horrors like "Persimmon" and "Mafeking" are still occasionally perpetrated. There exist among the poor, parents who, if they somewhere came across the name "Antichrist," and it took their fancy as a high-sounding word, would hasten to bestow it on their child at the font. But for the most part the children of the poor are now called by appellations taken from penny novelettes. It is *toujours Gladys*. It is nowadays the very rarest of rare things for a little girl to be christened "Mary." In the register books of a parish known to the writer it occurs only three times in the last ten years, sharing with "Britannia" the distinction of being the most unusual name. This surely is a straw which shows from what an arid, secular quarter the wind at present blows. Names of plants and flowers like "Pansy" and "Daisy," and, above all, "Ivy," are in great request, and pet names like "Queenie" abound. "Daisy" is surely a wretched substitute for the royal name of "Margaret." The names commonly given to boys and girls at the present day fill one with the sensation of a lost inheritance. They are like the glass beads and trumpery gewgaws worn by those who should be decked with the priceless jewelled heirlooms of some noble house.

The Drama.

"LYSISTRATA."

If our German friends are susceptible to the sincerest form of flattery, they must view with complacency Miss Gertrude Kingston's experiment at the Little Theatre. It takes its name from one Berlin playhouse, the Kleines Theater, its idea from another, the Kammerspielhaus; and its form—a single slope of slightly curving seats, with a row of "Fürstenlogen" at the back—reproduces in miniature the Wagner Theatre at Bayreuth. Its Wedgwood decoration is very pleasing, and the simplicity of its proscenium, or rather the absence of any heavy proscenium mouldings, is entirely praiseworthy. As a theatre for "intimate" drama, it ought to take a place of its own in the economy of stageland. By her scale of prices—a short scale of long figures—Miss Kingston practically announces that her appeal is to Society, and that she does not cater for anyone (as the Mikado puts it) "beneath the rank of a stockbroker." Well, I trust the plutocracy will rise to the occasion, and profit by the course of education Miss Kingston has in store for it. If Society "takes up" her enterprise, all will be well; but the elimination of the pit and gallery will leave her audience a sedate and rather chilly one. This, of course, is no news to Miss Kingston, who is far too clever not to have realised the problem before her.

For the house-warming of her German theatre, she gave us a Greek play, at which, quite appropriately, the Archons were present in the persons of the Prime Minister and the Leader of the Opposition. The topical relevance of the "Lysistrata" of Aristophanes is so evident that it very naturally appealed to Mr. X.—for Miss Kingston decrees that the name of the transcriber is not to be divulged until the critics have said their say. Mr. X., indeed, is not the first modern dramatist to be attracted by the comedy of feminism. M. Maurice

Donnay, so long ago as 1892, produced a "Lysistrata," which has been several times revived. But M. Donnay treated his theme very freely, in every sense of the word. He made it a French comedy of intrigue, in which, as one of his critics said, "en étant de l'obscénité, il a ajouté du libertinage." His Lysistrata has, of course, a lover; none other, in fact, than the commander-in-chief, Agathos. She is the first to break the vow she herself has imposed; and, for the greater commodity of her own amours, she encourages a similar frailty on the part of her ward, Callyce. Moreover, one speech of Aristophanes' Myrrhina is developed by M. Donnay into a whole act, at the house of the courtesan Salabaccha; while two characters of M. Donnay's invention, Hironnelle and Rosée, hint at a phase of the revolt against man which Aristophanes, if I remember rightly, leaves quite untouched. The French "Lysistrata," in short, may almost be classed as a parody of the type of "La Belle Hélène," the piquancy of which lies in the contrast between the (more or less) Greek names and the modern characters and catchwords. There is far more of Paris in it than of Athens.

Mr. X., at the Little Theatre, has gone, one may almost say, to the opposite extreme. He has kept wonderfully close to Aristophanes, even giving us a scene which M. Donnay shied at—the episode of Cinesias and Myrrhina. Incidentally, it may be said that the Censor, so inexorable to Sophocles and Mr. Laurence Housman, has shown himself curiously indulgent to Aristophanes and Mr. X. I am not for a moment complaining of his indulgence (perhaps obtuseness would be the better word); I merely note the contrast as an addition to the long list of curiosities of censorship. By kind permission of Mr. Redford, then, Mr. X. transcribes Aristophanes very faithfully. His work may fairly be called a paraphrase rather than a parody. In its style, on the other hand, it is a parody, not of Aristophanes, but of another poet. Mr. X. has chosen as his medium of expression the Chaucerian or Morrisian rhymed pentameters, in which Professor Gilbert Murray has so wonderfully rendered the tragedies of Euripides. Every trick of Mr. Murray's versification is closely reproduced—the meandering periods, the unemphatic rhyme-words, the artfully distributed pauses. For some time, at the beginning of the performance, I was almost prepared to believe that the equation might resolve itself into $X=G.M.$; but presently there came passages which ruled that conjecture out. Though the measure is handled with a good deal of skill and resource, I doubt very much whether it is a happy choice for the treatment of such a theme. Two qualities in which it is conspicuously lacking are rapidity and sparkle, both of which are surely desirable in a rendering of Aristophanes. Mr. X. might have noted that Mr. Murray himself, in his translation of "The Frogs," abandons his favorite measure. For some of us, no doubt, there is a certain piquancy in the application to such an incongruous end of the "Eurimurridean" manner; but that pleasure, such as it is, cannot be very widely felt.

Now comes the essential question: was Mr. X. right in going to the other extreme from M. Donnay and modernizing so very sparingly? I am afraid he was not. The eagerness with which the audience seized on any distinctly topical passage, such as the entrance of the three policemen, was a commentary upon their frame of mind in the intervals between these passages. The adaptor, it seems to me, was bound to choose between two possible lines of appeal—that of archaeology, and that of actuality. Now the archaeological appeal, which would have been possible and right in a University performance, was practically impossible before a general London audience. It should, then, have been frankly abandoned, and the production should have been a piece of modern satiric fantasy, hung, so to speak, on an ancient framework. It need not, of course, have been a mere burlesque, like Planché's version of "The Birds," produced in 1846; nor need it have been an actual reconstruction of the story, like M. Donnay's. The action of the original might have been followed with all reasonable faithfulness, but Mr. X. might have embroidered upon it a good deal more of his own fancy

and his own wit. As it is, the satiric purport of the play remains rather indeterminate. I suppose we may assume Mr. X. to be a suffragist; but on purely internal evidence one might just as easily reach the opposite conclusion. Professor Murray, indeed, tells us that "Aristophanes, while professing to ridicule the women, is all through on their side," but I cannot say that this is at all evident in Mr. X.'s version. One could easily imagine a suffragist (if such there be) whose enthusiasm has somewhat impaired her sense of humor, crying, "Save us from our friend!" The women are throughout represented as a feeble folk, hypnotised, or rather magnetised, into revolt, by one commanding character; which is surely not the complexion a feminist would desire to put upon the modern movement. Again, though the motive of their action is a desire for peace, the motive of their desire for peace is not exactly an exalted one. The cause of the modern woman can scarcely gain by being paralleled with an ancient movement for the restitution of conjugal rights. It would seem, then, that if Mr. X. could not put new barbs to the old shafts, and aim them a little more accurately at modern conditions, he had better, from the point of view of "the cause," have left the "Lysis-trata" alone. At least that is how it strikes a sympathetic outsider.

On the mounting, and on her own performance, Miss Kingston is warmly to be congratulated. The scene is at once ingenious and impressive, and the stage-picture is often strikingly beautiful. For the part of Lysis-trata Miss Kingston has every qualification, and she uses her gifts with admirable effect. Miss Margaret Watson, Miss Dorothy Minto, and Miss Isabel Merson also stand out among the other ladies, and Mr. Guy Rathbone and Mr. Thomas Sidney among the men. When the time comes for another classical production, why should not Miss Kingston give us "The Trojan Women," and let us renew acquaintance with her unforgettable Helen?

WILLIAM ARCHER.

Music.

D'ALBERT'S "TIEFLAND."

D'ALBERT's "Tiefland," which Mr. Beecham produced for the first time in London a few days ago, is a striking example of the success—artistic as well as financial—that can be made by a man of talent who knows his limitations and has an instinct for doing the right thing. No one would say that D'Albert has an inventive faculty of more than the second or third rank, or that he has a musical idiom of any pronounced individuality. He is a consummate assimilator of other men's styles; but in originality there are a dozen composers in England to-day who could beat him easily. Yet he has managed to make the operatic success of Germany in the last decade; probably no recent European opera except Puccini's "La Bohème" and "Madama Butterfly" has had the same universal vogue. Strauss's operas have a way of going up like a thousand rockets and coming down like a thousand sticks; whatever the cause may be, "Feuersnot" and "Salomé" do not hold the public now as they did at first, and it will be interesting to see how long "Elektra" will last. Debussy's "Pelleas et Méli-sande" wins its way in most places but Germany. "Tiefland" has been the one opera, apart from the two of Puccini's just mentioned, that can be said to have lost none of its first ground and to have conquered new territory in every one of its seven years of life. How it will fare in England it is too soon to say yet; but one will be much astonished if it does not prove as successful here as everywhere else. How has such a success been won?

In the first place, the opera has an unusually sensible and consistent libretto, founded on a story of primitive human passion that stirs up the most somnolent of late diners. Londoners have already been made acquainted by the Sicilian Players with this story of the rich landowner, Sebastiano, who abuses his power over

the beautiful beggar girl, Marta, to compel her to become his mistress, forces her into marriage with a simple shepherd, Pedro, when it is necessary for himself to marry a rich woman in order to save himself from ruin, but still tries to keep his hold upon the girl, and is ultimately slain by the peasant he thought he had duped. The story and the atmosphere of the drama take us back at once to Mascagni. It touches, however, deeper springs of pity and pathos than libretti of the "Cavalleria Rusticana" type can do; and D'Albert, though, so far as "Tiefland" is concerned, he is often an imitator of Mascagni, even to the very turn of a phrase, is a German Mascagni, which makes all the difference. He has a better technique, and a more refined and intelligent operatic tradition behind him. "Cavalleria Rusticana," which it is the fashion to decry a little too much nowadays, is undeniably effective in its own straightforward, hard-hitting way. Mascagni's art is that of the superior poster designer. The design is all in big lines, and the color in broad splashes. There is little or no delicacy or subtlety in the picture. He rarely thinks in anything approaching a half-tint; his music is like a glaring sun in an unsheltered street, that has no shadows and no coolnesses. But for all that it interests you for the time, unless, of course, you happen to be a bit of a musical prig. When all is said, there is more vitality in this direct, unshaded, crude music to a police-court drama than in the tedious moral homilies that some of our older academics give us at the Cathedral festivals, or the prosy maundering about Wagner, and Munich, and Strauss, and one's duty to great men, and all the rest of it, that we have inflicted on us in the basket scene in "Feuersnot"—a scene that has probably done much to kill the opera. D'Albert, being the product of a more utilised musical culture than that of modern Italy, takes all that is best in the Italians—their clarity and directness—and avoids their brutality and commonplace. So we get in "Tiefland" an opera that never for a moment talks above the head of the laziest opera-goer, yet is good enough, for the most part, to keep the interest of the musician occupied. Its lack of startling originality is even an advantage to it, for it stirs no one to revolt in the name of this, that, or the other aesthetic principle. It is the good, easy, eupietic man of ordinary life, whom everyone likes at once.

D'Albert, in fact, has the happy knack of never aiming too high or too low. Whatever he has to express—tragedy, comedy, love, or pathos—is done in a thoroughly accommodating, reasonable way. The score is a triumph of persuasiveness; every inducement is held out to the audience to listen and to keep on listening. There is not a harshness in it anywhere, although there are points in the story at which most of our young composers would have energetically called down fire from Heaven—or from Messrs. Pain. D'Albert caresses you, talks smoothly and insinuatingly to you, all the time. Yet, if never drastic, he is always adequately expressive. There is some fine character-drawing in the music, and he has a cunning stage sense. The mental and moral change in Pedro, from the simple kind of the first act to the roused man of the last, the woefulness of Marta, the imperiousness of Sebastiano—the man whose brain has been turned by the lifelong exercise of absolute power—these and a dozen other psychological points in the music stand analysis well. The description of Pedro's fight with the wolf, again, is admirable. Apart from the fact that the story of Marta's fall is told once or twice too often, there is not a waste moment in the tissue of the play. Altogether the opera, without ever touching any disturbing height, holds us throughout, both on the dramatic and on the musical side. If Mr. Beecham makes a success with anything this season, it should be with this.

Some of the vocal writing raises a problem that deserves a word or two. Almost every opera that has appeared since Wagner's death shows more and more clearly the inherent difficulties of the *genre*. The great dilemma is this. Whatever words are going to be sung must have a touch of lyric quality in them, or there seems no reason for turning them into song; yet it is almost impossible to keep a story going through three acts without a quantity of matter that is not lyrical in essence,

but has to be there if the plot is to be made intelligible. The problem admits of only two solutions. You must either sing the singable portions and speak the unsingable ones—as in certain older forms of opera; or if you revolt at this inartistic dualism, you must take the bull by the horns and construct your drama so that it shall be *all* singable. This is what Wagner incessantly aimed at, and achieved in "Tristan"; the music was to be set no impossible verbal tasks, but to concern itself solely with the expression of "soul-states." Not one librettist in a hundred, however, can construct an opera in this style; the singable moments of the drama, as a rule, can only be made intelligible by a heap of connecting matter that is unsingable. The Italian method of dealing with these passages is to let the voice declaim them on some two or three notes, or even on one—at one point in "Tiefland" the singer repeats the same note twenty-one times—while the orchestra repeats some figure that is just interesting enough to keep us from being bored, while not salient enough to distract our attention from the words.

The advantage of this method is that it enables the characters on the stage to say anything—even offer each other cigarettes and whiskies-and-sodas, and talk about ornithology and all kinds of strange things, as in "Madama Butterfly"; but the musical sense feels it to be an imposture, and only tolerates it for the sake of getting on with the drama. Debussy's method of chatting over a chord or two in the orchestra is often just as unsatisfactory; it is an evasion of the problem, not a solution of it. Strauss, characteristically enough, makes no attempt to solve the problem, but tries to bluster and bluff his way through it. Hence some pages in "Elektra"—those of the opening scene, for example—are like a handful of sawdust in a dish of fruit. The voices scream and chatter without rhyme or reason—any other notes would do equally well; while the orchestra writhes and churns itself into foam. The idea is to carry the situation by sheer bravado—to get the breathless audience over the dangerous spot before it has had time to realise there is any danger. But passages like this are no more music than a page of the dictionary is literature, or the mess on a painter's palette is a picture; and twenty years hence our children will wonder how Strauss's contemporaries could have been so easily taken in by them. If composers are to take any kind of drama they like and set it bodily, they will have to find a real solution of this problem of making the merely narrative portions as interesting as the lyrico-dramatic portions. Mozart said in praise of some opera or other: "It is dramatic music, but it is also music." That is the crux of the matter. Of a lot of modern operatic writing of the type of the worst pages in "Elektra" one is inclined to say that it is dramatic music, only it is not music. It should not be beyond the powers of geniuses like Strauss to make the tissue of their scores homogeneous and interesting throughout. Wolf could do it; his "Corregidor"—which Mr. Beecham might turn his attention to some day—is masterly in this respect; the orchestral and the vocal writing are equally lucid and agreeable. But until our leading composers find some way out of the present difficulty, there is not an opera of this generation that will not be regarded as a curious hybrid by the next.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

Letter from Abroad.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT AND THE STRIKE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR.—The long-threatened railway strike has broken out when it was least expected. The decision of the Northern Railway employees to strike yesterday morning took the company and the public by surprise; the secret had been well kept, and the trade union leaders have shown themselves to be accomplished strategists. At the time of writing a general strike of railway employees seems

imminent; the men of the Western Railway went out this morning, and it is expected that those of the other lines will follow suit before night. The St. Lazare Station is closed, and protected by troops, and a few chance trains start and arrive at long intervals at the Gare du Nord.

It is unnecessary to enlarge on the gravity of the situation. Paris is on the point of being isolated to a great extent from the outer world. Not only is commerce dislocated, but the problem of provisioning the city becomes a serious one. To-day the prices of provisions, already far higher than usual, have risen considerably; there is a scarcity of milk, vegetables, and fish. The supply of milk to-day was 33 per cent., that of vegetables and fruit 80 per cent., and that of fish 50 per cent. below the normal. But measures are being taken to bring in supplies by road and river, and the motor-car makes it easier to do without the railways than it would have been some years ago. The greatest fear is for the supply of milk and eggs; there are large stores of wheat and flour in Paris, and no rise in the price of bread is anticipated: it is already high enough.

Nevertheless, after discounting the inevitable exaggerations of the alarmist, who foretells famine prices, the situation is serious enough. On whom does the responsibility rest? Perhaps I cannot do better than report the opinions of one or two business men, who have little or no sympathy with trade unionism, and less than none with Socialism. Talking over the matter this morning, they agreed that the companies are chiefly responsible. For two years the men have been urging their claims, and the companies have refused to meet the representatives of the unions, even when they were invited to do so by the Government. The companies, moreover, have persistently declared that the majority of their employees were perfectly content, that the whole movement was the work of a few agitators, and that the threats of a strike were bluff, and would never be put into execution. So ignorant were the directors and officials of the Northern Railway of the real state of affairs that, as has been said, they were completely taken by surprise by the declaration of the strike, and were also completely demoralised.

It is impossible to deny that the demands of the men are moderate and reasonable; they ask for a minimum wage of four shillings a day, and, for the rest, their demands are merely for a strict application of the law. They ask that the weekly holiday shall be enforced as well as the law making the pension scheme retrospective. The business men above-mentioned admitted the moderation of these demands. As one of them said, five francs a day is the least that any family can live on decently in Paris with food at its present prices—for we enjoy here the system of "making the foreigner pay," which, somehow or other, does not seem to work just like that. The rise in the prices of necessities this autumn has been enormous, and, of course, they have always been far higher than in London.

The Government is not without responsibility in the matter. It has allowed the companies to disregard the law of the weekly holiday and that which made the pensions scheme retrospective. Face to face with a general strike, it is taking measures which prudent men, even of moderate opinions, can scarcely approve. Not only are soldiers being employed on the railways in place of the strikers, but a presidential decree has authorised the Government to call out the men on strike for twenty days' military service, in order that they may be compelled by military obedience to resume their work. Even if this decree is legal (and its legality is disputed) it seems an abuse of power to use the obligation of military service in such a way. M. Briand, in his speech last night to the members of the Republican Committee of Commerce and Industry, declared that he would respect the right to strike. But what becomes of that right if men who are allowed to strike as civilians are compelled to resume work as soldiers? Already some 28,000 employees of the Northern Railway have been called out under the decree; it seems probable that they will refuse to obey. In that case they are liable to the penalties attaching to mutiny, but how will those penalties be

applied to 28,000 men, to say nothing of the 100,000 who will be involved if the strike becomes general?

People who are far from being Socialists or Revolutionaries consider that the Government will be placed in an awkward position if the decree is universally disobeyed, and that it is a grave imprudence to risk such a contingency. Moreover, such measures are hardly suitable in a Republic and show little respect for liberty or personal rights. Nor are they calculated to increase the popularity of military service. Already a large number of men resent the uses to which a citizen army is put by a Government which professes to be democratic. If the working-classes become generally convinced that the obligation of military service is to be habitually used as a weapon against themselves, the results are likely to be serious.

M. Briand, in his speech last night, made no direct allusion to the strike. For the rest, the importance of the speech, which had been eagerly anticipated, is considerably discounted by the economic crisis. It was not one of M. Briand's happiest efforts; reports differ as to the manner in which it was received, but it is improbable that it will succeed in appeasing those who distrust M. Briand's policy. It was full of rhetorical protestations of fidelity to the Republic, but contained no definite indication of the Government policy on any burning question. Evidently M. Briand, although he has recognised the necessity of an attempt to appease the discontented Radicals, is as resolved as ever to avoid any declarations which will cut him off from those who may become his only support. Hence the extreme vagueness of his speech. It remains to be seen whether the Radicals, who censured the Government at their annual congress last week, will have the courage to carry their opposition as far as the division lobby.

Meanwhile the Government is in sharp opposition to an organisation of workmen who include many of the most intelligent of their class and who are certainly not revolutionaries for the most part. The Socialist Party demands that Parliament should be summoned for an earlier date (its meeting is fixed for the 20th) in order that it may have the opportunity of discussing what is held to be the unconstitutional action of the Government.—Yours, &c.,

ROBERT DELL.

9, rue Pasquier, Paris,
October 12th, 1910.

Letters to the Editor.

THE OSBORNE JUDGMENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I do not know whether the following suggestion, of a means of escape from possible disastrous results of the Osborne judgment, has been already proposed.

Members of trade unions subscribe certain sums annually for political purposes. Let it be ascertained by ballot how many members wish to support the Unionist, Liberal, or Labor parties; and let the money be divided in proportion. The Unionist and Liberal monies might go to supporting working-men candidates, or to the ordinary party funds, as appeared most convenient.

I think no one who believes in liberty as an essential factor in our conception of justice would view with equanimity the reversal of the judgment. Certainly the supporters of the Nonconformist grievance in education should be the last to do so.

Trade unions are for safeguarding the interests of working men, and enabling them to negotiate with employers. That they should collect money for political purposes is right enough. But there are roughly three parties which have the good of society as a whole—that is, of any and every section of it—at heart. To say, therefore, that the Labor Party is the only one which has a right to the subscriptions of workers is untrue; and to compel men to subscribe to it is unjust. Let Socialists remember that their ideal is founded

on a fuller and truer conception of justice, and be careful to realise the end in the means.—Yours, &c.,

DONALD B. SOMERVELL.

Harrow, October 12th, 1910.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Wallace Chapman would have us believe that "the theory that particular interests should be represented in Parliament makes for political corruption." But he does not tell us what are the advantages that justify that same theory. Why is it that we wish to see workmen represented, not only in virtue of their citizenship, but as workmen? Is it not that in the framing of legislation affecting the lives of working men, the point of view of that class itself must be ascertained—and this not only in the interests of Democracy, but as being the only means by which we can insure against arbitrary, and therefore evil—or, at least, useless—legislation?

Now, in order to obtain this valuable point of view, Parliaments must be so manipulated as to include men who directly and deliberately represent the interests of this class. Let it be remembered that our problem is with to-day, and not with any remote and ideal period, when, it may be hoped, class distinctions shall have been so beaten down as to enable points of view to liquidate freely from one section of the community to another. Until such time direct representation—for the workman, at least—cannot and should not be abolished.

True, the door is opened to certain abuses. But the remedy for this lies, not in the repealing of the whole system, but in the educating of individuals—and through them the strengthening of their representatives—in principles of justice and true citizenship. However, when the interests of the working-classes have been promoted somewhat nearer to the level of those of some other classes, it will be time enough to preach to them on the theme of equity.—Yours, &c.,

B. M.

October 12th, 1910.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The suggestion made by you in your leading article last week, that the minorities in the trade unions should be safeguarded by a provision that that part of their subscriptions which in the ordinary way would go into the political fund should be allowed to be ear-marked for other purposes, will hardly do. For what would happen? Those who disagreed with strikes would demand that their money should not be used for strike purposes, and so endless difficulties would be created.

We shall have to agree with Mr. Birrell's doctrine that minorities are fated to suffer. But the grievance of trade unionists who are opposed to the Labor Party politically is really a small one. The Labor Party has not shown itself an irresponsible, irreconcilable, revolutionary faction, as some would have us believe it to be. It has seemed, to some of us, to be more moderate than the condition of things demanded. But in actual practice it has helped forward policies which all good Radicals are anxious to see furthered; it has done this more effectively because of its independent position.

The cry that the Labor Party is dominated by Socialists ought not to condemn it in the minds of Liberals, whose own party is tarred with the Socialist brush—unless Mr. Osborne and his friends are prepared to say that men like Mr. Chiozza Money, Mr. Percy Alden, Mr. J. M. Robertson, and Mr. Josiah Wedgwood should be cleared out of the Liberal Party. These gentlemen and others have done a good deal in the way of dominating the Liberal Party in the Socialist direction.—Yours, &c.,

ROBERT E. DICK.

11, Winns Terrace, Walthamstow, N.E.

October 11th, 1910.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Like the majority of your readers, I think the Osborne judgment is wrong, but I welcome it. I do so because it dramatically calls public attention to a serious injustice a considerable body of working men have had to endure, but more particularly because it brings before

us vividly the difficulty of finance which at the present moment makes it impossible for many constituencies to be adequately represented in Parliament. Briefly, many men are sitting in Parliament who are not the real representative of their constituency, but are there because of the limited choice open to the electors.

"Payment of members and election expenses" is an old Liberal cry, and the right and justice of it cannot be denied. It must, however, be admitted that the payment of members is dreaded by a very large section of the community, irrespective of party. It is a powerful minority, and I think it is strong enough to prevent or at least delay this reform. The payment of Returning Officers' expenses is, however, objected to by few, and the justice of Imperial or local taxation bearing this is seldom questioned. I therefore think that, seeing the justice of this claim is practically admitted, and that the Opposition could not effectively oppose it, the Government should proceed with this reform at once, and leave payment of members for another Parliament. I do not know the procedure of Parliament, but I think a simple Bill could be passed authorising the Returning Officers to draw on the Treasury for that portion of each candidate's expenses which was incurred by him. This could be done very shortly, and if carried before the next General Election would, I am sure, increase the choice of the electors in many constituencies.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN M. HOGGE.

5, Hartington Place, Edinburgh,
October 10th, 1910.

THE RULE OF THE ROAD.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your able article on the "Rule of the Road," and the letter of "R. W. J." relative to the sufferings of the village women and children, have reminded us of a very grave evil, which claims the serious attention of all true democrats.

If it were possible to prepare statistics showing the loss of sleep, and consequent loss of health, caused by motor traffic, not to speak of danger and of dust, I am sure that the aggregate toll taken from the public for the gratification of this new sport would be seen to be enormous. The rich man, driving furiously through town and village and country road alike, compelling everyone to get out of his way on peril of his life, is the very embodiment of arrogant wealth, and a grave sign of the times to those whose eyes are open to see it. Yet his numerous victims can do little to restrain him under present conditions. We are now threatened with another General Election (to what purpose I am unable to imagine), but how can we hope that candidates will declare themselves against the tyranny of the motor when their success at the polls may depend upon its powerful aid? If the fetching of voters in vehicles were prohibited, it would be a great gain in this respect, and to the cause of the people generally.—Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH E. SOUTHALL.

13, Charlotte Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham,
October 11th, 1910.

"NOEL."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In answer to your correspondent, Mr. A. L. Mayhew, I should like to state that my authority for saying that "Noël" is a contraction of the joyful shout "Emmanuel"! is Cornelius à Lapide's "Commentary on the Gospels." In his comment on St. Matthew i., 23, he says, "Galli Emmanuel per Aphoresin decurantur in Noël, quod in Christi natalitiis decantant et ingeminant," and in the margin "Quid Noel Gallorum." He repeats this statement in writing on St. Matthew xvi., 16. After saying that "Jona" is perhaps a contraction of "Johannes," he adds, "Sic Emmanuel contrabitur in Noël," and in the margin "Noël nomen contractum ex Emmanuel." Unless my memory deceives me, he writes of this more fully in a third place, which I am at this moment unable to find. Monkish etymologies are proverbially fantastic, but this seems at least very probable. Your correspondent, whom I thank for his kind reference to my paper, himself says,

"Emmanuel was another joyful shout occurring in carols at Christmas." If this was contracted into "Manoel" in Portugal, why not into "Noel" in France?—Yours, &c.,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

October 11th, 1910.

THE MIND OF ST. PAUL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In the very interesting article on "The Mind of St. Paul," which appeared in THE NATION of August 13th, there is a slight mistake, doubtless a slip of the pen, that is worth noticing. Illustrating the Apostle's intensity of feeling and expression, a portion of Eph. iii., 20 is thus given: "Exceedingly abundantly above all that we can ask or think." This very common misquotation obscures the meaning of the phrase. St. Paul's use of the superlative is sufficiently emphasised by a reference to the splendid word, *hyperekperisson*. There is no need to heighten the contrast by the insertion of the verb "can," which introduces a limitation of our human powers not intended by the Apostle. What St. Paul says is: "Unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we—actually as a matter of fact—ask or think."—Yours, &c.,

F. W. S. O'NEILL, M.A.

(Of the Irish Presbyterian Mission).

Fakumen, Manchuria,
September 24th, 1910.

A METRIC SYSTEM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Recently, in the columns of a contemporary,* I urged the desirability of conforming to the decimal system by making some simple changes in our coins as we have them now, without introducing cents or centimes or mils or any such alien terms, which would only confuse our people.

Briefly, my proposal is to eliminate some unnecessary coins and make ten pennies go to the shilling, retaining the pound sterling as our standard of value. I would eliminate the farthing, the threepenny-piece, the half-crown, and the crown, and let our coinage consist simply of the halfpenny and penny in bronze or nickel, the fippece, or half-shilling (in lieu of sixpence), the shilling, the florin (and possibly the dollar) in silver, the ten-shilling piece or gold ducat, and the sovereign. Ten pence going to the shilling and ten shillings to the gold ducat would give us a decimal system at once; all else that would have to be done in accounts, rendered as before in £ s. d., would be to divide by two all totals in halfpence and half-sovereigns as they occur. No change in value would be effected except with the penny and halfpenny, and after a short time prices, trade, and habit would adjust themselves. The working-classes would not suffer, for many things now sold for threepence would be reduced to twopence, twopence to a penny, a penny to a halfpenny, vendors being always keen to find buyers. The benefit to many struggling companies—tramways, for instance—would be immense, and the profits that would accrue to the Post Office would be most helpful in the relief of or in place of taxation; international penny postage would also be made easier for us. The elimination of the farthing (they have no such petty coin in France) and the threepenny-piece from our system would have most beneficial ethical effects, in my opinion; and I do not think I shall be alone in believing that the farthing has a very pernicious influence over the shopping sex, and that the threepenny-bit limits charity to its own dimensions in countless cases, Sunday after Sunday, throughout the land.—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES ROBERTSON.

P.S.—Mil is a term invented or suggested by Mr. Harold Cox instead of centime, with, of course, a different value.
Brighton, October 11th, 1910.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Advocates for the adoption of the metric system seem to think they have proved their case when they have pointed out the defects of our present complicated stan-

* "The Spectator," August 20th.

dards, and that the only obstacle to its adoption is ignorance and a reluctance to change. The objection to the metric system lies in the fact that it has one grave "radical" defect, which makes it most inconvenient for everyday wants.

In all commercial or science work we have to take a unit (of weight, bulk, or value), and deal either with multiples of the unit or with fractions of it, the latter being almost as frequent as the former. When dealing with multiples of the unit, there is no objection to the metric system; but when dealing with fractions, its decimal basis makes it highly inconvenient, and the business mind refuses to follow the divisions it lays down.

The object of this letter is to point out that the practical business or technical worker is, by the logic of his wants, compelled to deal chiefly in halves, quarters, eighths, sixteenths, and even thirty-seconds of his unit, and that he continues to do this, however inconveniently it is expressed by the terms provided him.

Let me illustrate this. I call as a miller on a shopkeeper, and find that he is a buyer of "sharps" (a milling "offal"). The unit of weight in the deal is the ton, and the unit of price is the pound. He asks me the price per ton, and I quote £5 15s. "No, you are too dear. It's only a few weeks ago I was offered at £5 10s., but I don't mind giving you £5 12s. 6d." I reply that I have had no difficulty in getting my price, but to meet him I will go half-way towards his bid of £5 12s. 6d., and will take £5 13s. 9d., and the deal is concluded at this. In these goods the price is invariably settled in quarters, eighths, or sixteenths of the £, quite irrespective of the even shilling.

Again, in the wholesale grain trade, the unit of weight being a quarter, the unit of purchase is a shilling, but the shilling is invariably divided, for dealing purposes, into halves, quarters, and eighths, and the only divisions between, say, 32s. 6d. and 33s. are 32s. 7½d., 32s. 9d., and 32s. 10½d. In the sugar trade, shillings are divided in the same way for the price per cwt.

If I buy stocks and shares, the same division into halves, quarters, and down to thirty-seconds applies. Yesterday business was done in Consols at 80 3-16ths and 80 5-32nds, quite ignoring the inconvenience of a 32nd of a £ being the odd amount of 7½d. The result was that the seller wanted 80 3-16, and the buyer offered 80 4-16, and "to split the difference" 5-32 was taken as being exactly midway between.

Even in America, with the dollar divided into 100 cents, I see this division ignored for stocks and shares in many cases, and the more convenient 1-16th and 1-32nd adopted.

Take the weights or measures of any trade, and you will find a craving for a series of which each is half the value of the next highest. The brewer, having adopted the barrel as a standard, issues kilderkins, firkins, and pins for smaller casks, the series being 36, 18, 9, and 4½ gallons. The wine-grower sends his sherry over in butts, hogsheads, quarter-casks, and octaves, each being half the capacity of the next highest.

In money values take the £ as a standard, what are the favorite divisions? Why, the half, quarter, and eighth again; the latter (the favorite 2s. 6d.) not fitting in with the division of the sovereign into 20 shillings. The authorities flood the country with florins, as being 1-10th of a £, but who thinks in florins in comparison with those who think in half-crowns? Why is 7s. 6d. a favorite price, and not the even 7s. or 8s.? Simply because it fits in with the division of the £ into eighths.

The favorite divisions of a shilling are the halves and quarters, and there is even an instinctive liking for the 1½d., only it is too near the established 1d. to be much used.

In technical science the need for divisions, each half the value of the preceding, constantly occurs, and the decimal system proves highly inconvenient. For example, in Hurter and Driffield's system of photographic speed testing, exposures each double the preceding one have to be given, and although Dr. Hurter used the metric system he was compelled (with a free choice) to take the awkward values (downward from a unit of 10 seconds), of 10, 5, 2·5, 1·25, .625, .312, .156.

I could further multiply examples, but limits of space forbid. Briefly, my point is that there is a constant practical (and scientific) need to halve something, and halve

that again, and halve the quarter again, and that the decimal basis of the metric system makes it highly inconvenient to do this, for when you have halved ten once you cannot do it again without dividing a whole number.

It would take but little altering to get our standards of money, weights, and measures altered to a 16 and 8 basis.

I often wish that the Eastern genius who first devised our present system had tucked his thumbs out of sight, and counted with his fingers only.—Yours, &c.,

ALFRED WATKINS.

Hereford, October 11th, 1910.

THE CONFERENCE OF WOMEN WORKERS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The Conference of the National Union of Women Workers, which opens to-day at Lincoln, is a wonderfully interesting event. It is practically a Parliament of Women, who are meeting to consider two of the most interesting of modern problems—the position of the woman worker and of the child. The evidence afforded by the meeting of delegates from such societies as that of the Headmistresses' Association, the Charity Organisation Society, Dr. Barnardo's Homes, Queen Victoria's Jubilee Institute for Nurses, Women's Sanitary Inspection Association, Women's Local Government Society, and Women's Industrial Council, is strong to show that women nowadays are keenly awake in matters of public concern.

The opponents of woman suffrage are fond of bewailing the fact that women do not sufficiently interest themselves in matters of public welfare, which are already open to them. The fact that more than 500 delegates of such bodies as these, which represent considerably over one million women members, are to-day and this week assembling at Lincoln, does not look like want of interest in women in all kinds of local and general work. As Mr. Asquith himself said at the debate on the second reading of the Conciliation Bill, "No one would deny . . . that there is a large field where mutual kinds of co-operative work may be carried out by men and women jointly, and in many parts of that field not only does sex not disqualify, but, on the contrary, it imparts special qualification to women in the pursuit of the duties specially appropriate to them," and then proceeded to take great credit to himself for instituting women inspectors when he was Home Secretary. But on what grounds are these public offices to be opened to women if their public possibilities are to be limited? Mr. Asquith himself introduced the thin end of the wedge; how can he prevent the wedge from entering right in? As Mr. Shackleton put it at the opening of the debate: "I fail to see the logic of the position which recognises all these efforts on the part of women, yet at the same time denies them the right to express, in an intelligent way, their opinion on the issues which come before the country from time to time."

Moreover, the central features of discussion at the Women's Congress are considered nowadays important factors of political life—the problem of the woman and the child, which everyone acknowledges is a crucial one for the nation. As Mr. Haldane said at East Linton, "we are entering upon an era when social freedom would be the most important thing in political progress," while Mr. Ramsay Macdonald said at the Memorial Hall last Friday that "the woman was the problem of society." What woman requires is the power to solve her own problem and that of the child by the key of the vote.—Yours, &c.,

F. GARDNER.

18, Talbot Road, Bayswater, W.
October 11th, 1910.

THE CONTRACTION OF CURRENCY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—A short time ago a letter appeared in the Financial Supplement of "The Times" from Mr. Lewis Edmunds, calling attention to the fall in Consols, and using this as an illustration of the depreciation in the purchasing power of gold. A letter on the same subject, from the same gentle-

man, appeared in THE NATION of September 10th, but there seems to be some inconsistency of sentiment in the two letters. The writer maintains that the result of this fall in the purchasing power of gold will be that capital will automatically pass from the creditor to the debtor, and while, in his letter to THE NATION, such a prospect does not seem to appal him, in addressing the "Times" he seems to touch a note of apprehension.

Without contesting the accuracy of the argument, another point of view emerges. Mr. Edmunds states that the world's annual gold production did not vary much from 1850 to 1890, while, since that date (in other words, in the last twenty years), the production has nearly quadrupled. He does not, however, appear to take into consideration certain factors that set off the defects of this increase.

During the years he quotes, silver has been, to a large extent, demonetised. The adoption of the gold standard by Germany resulted in the absorption of large quantities of gold, and, as nation after nation adopted the single or the double standard, this process increasingly compensated for the gold discoveries, beginning in California, in 1849.

Russia, for instance, from the year 1890 until a few years ago (during which time the gold standard had been adopted), exported enormous quantities of corn. In 1891, the total value of exports—a large part of which were payable in gold—amounted to £70,000,000, and although, in the ensuing years, there were bad harvests, by 1897 the export value again stood at £73,000,000. Count Witte, in causing the adoption of the gold standard, found that he was unable to secure a sufficient influx of gold for his purpose, and, therefore, opened Russia in every way to foreign investments. The enormous development of the natural products of Southern Russia, such as iron, coal, and oil, were the result, and Belgian, French and English capitalists contributed with their gold largely to the development of these countries.

During these same years (*i.e.*, between 1890 and the present day) growth of population, leading to colonisation and agricultural development, all over the world, has added enormously to the stock of real wealth, and though I am unable to supply statistical evidence, I am strongly of opinion that the growth of gold currency has not done more than keep pace with the value of the commodities for which it has had to pay.

From the time of the Middle Ages until the beginning of the nineteenth century, the world was dominated by the producer, who until then had only a limited parasitic class to support. Up to that time, if money was not cheap, yet, owing to the fact that all except the hereditary land-owning class had something to sell, as industry and commerce expanded, the producer succeeded in obtaining some kind of currency—whether gold or silver—fairly proportionate to the commodities produced, and sufficient at all events to sustain the price of the wares he had to sell. For these specific requirements, India was during many years drained of the precious metals, chiefly by pillage and coercion.

In the beginning of the nineteenth century, contraction in the supply of coin began. The lending or banking class succeeded the agricultural landowners as exploiters of human energy. Certain acute individuals, realising that a contracting supply of currency enabled them to lend at usurious interest, made use of their power gradually to control for their own benefit the energies and activities of the workers. Synchronising with this, the hereditary land-owning class in England—seeing their supremacy threatened by the bankers and rising middle-class—consolidated their position by holding and adding to their property in the neighbourhood of towns, and by demanding enormous compensation from railway and canal companies and large manufacturing concerns whenever these passed through their land, or required sites for building. In addition to this, it must be remembered that, owing to the land being in the hands of a few privileged people, the mineral value could not be made use of for the benefit of the community without contributing in the form of royalties to their already swollen fortunes.

Hoarders of gold became supreme after the panic of 1810, which resulted in producing the type of banker exemplified by the Rothschilds. From then until 1890 the contraction continued, in spite of the Californian and Australian gold discoveries.

The activity of gold-mining, based upon the energy of human labor, has at last made itself felt, and it is perfectly true (as Mr. Lewis Edmunds suggests) that, owing to improved methods of production, invented by skilled workmen and chemists, the output of fine gold is likely to increase. There can be hardly any doubt that, if this increase is maintained, the purchasing value of gold will depreciate, and that this result appears to be in favor of the wage-earning class; instead of regarding this as a danger, however, those who believe in social improvement must surely welcome the prospect.

Free Trade encourages decentralisation, and threatens the monopoly of the creditor class. Under Free Trade—which, for purposes of revenue, logically involves progressive taxation of income, land values, and other forms of accumulated wealth—money tends to be more evenly distributed, and gold (which is only translated human energy) gradually reaches those who earn it, instead of accumulating in the hands of those who exploit them.—Yours, &c.,

SYDNEY SCHIFF.

October 11th, 1910.

SOME OLD-FASHIONED PHRASES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR.—Like the "Rustic Bookman," I, too, have found the article on "Some Old-Fashioned Phrases" very interesting, and, like him, have never seen in print the old Lancashire expression, "Lay o'ers for meddlers and crutches for lame ducks." Our old Lancashire nurse used to puzzle us as children with the phrase, until I asked my father, who was a Lancashire scholar and could speak and read the Lancashire dialect well.

He told me that the correct spelling was "Lay o'ers for meddlers and crutches for lame ducks," which meant—anything left over or laid aside as useless was good enough for meddlesome fingers or interfering folks.—Yours, &c.,

(DR.) FLORENCE ARMITAGE.

28, Portland Place, Reading.

Poetry.

IN THE GARDEN

(An Old French Song).

In a gay garden filled with flowers
All days and hours,
God formed man in his likeness,
And gave him here
Of love, wherewith his days to bless,
A pledge most dear.

Adam lay down in the sweet shade
A lime tree made,
Alone he lay on the green grass
In quiet deep,
When suddenly it came to pass
He fell on sleep.

There while he slept that Sovereign King
The Angels sing,
Took a rib gently with all care
From out his side,
And formed a flower, a woman fair,
To be his bride.

Adam awoke in pride and joy,
Without alloy,
"Behold her there, bone of my bone,
O God above!
Give her to me, no more alone,
She whom I love."

R. L. G.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

"The French Renaissance in England." By Sidney Lee. (Clarendon Press. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Lives of the Early Medici, as told in their Correspondence." By Janet Ross. (Chatto & Windus. 10s. 6d. net.)

"The Diary of a Modernist." By William Scott Palmer. (Arnold. 5s. net.)

"Medieval Italy, From Charlemagne to Henry VII." By Pasquale Villari. (Unwin. 15s. net.)

"Letters of the English Seamen, 1587-1808." Edited by E. H. Moorhouse. (Chapman & Hall. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Uganda for a Holiday." By Sir Frederick Treves. (Smith, Elder. 9s. net.)

"Old Kensington Palace and Other Papers." By Austin Dobson. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

"John Brown: A Biography After Fifty Years." By O. W. Villard. (Constable. 21s. net.)

"The Charm of the Road: England and Wales." By J. J. Hissey. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)

"Vanishing England." By P. H. Ditchfield and F. Roe. (Methuen. 15s. net.)

"Our House." By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. (Unwin. 4s. 6d. net.)

"The Finer Grain." By Henry James. (Methuen. 6s.)

"John Christopher: Dawn and Morning." By Romain Rolland. (Heinemann. 6s.)

"Etudes Anglaises." Par Raymond Laurent. (Paris: Grasset. 3fr. 50.)

"Lermontov: Sa Vie et ses Œuvres." Par E. Duchesne. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 7fr. 50.)

"La Robe de Laine." Roman. Par Henry Bordeaux. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 3fr. 50.)

* * *

ONE of the most promising of the historical memoirs of the season is Lady Blennerhassett's "Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon," which Messrs. Allen are to publish within the next few weeks. Lady Blennerhassett is the widow of Sir Rowland Blennerhassett, who was for several years President of Queen's College, Cork, and is of German birth. Her first book, "Madame de Staél: Her Life and Times," was written in her native language, but was promptly translated into both French and English, and is the standard book upon the subject. It was followed by a biography of Talleyrand, which was issued in 1894, an English version being published by Mr. John Murray. The coming volume is intended "not as a vindication of Madame de Maintenon, but as a tribute due to the most influential woman who ever governed without wearing a crown." Madame de Maintenon's astonishing career has engaged a crowd of writers, but she is one of those historical figures in regard to whom impartiality seems almost impossible. To the literary mind her narrowness and hardness make her anything but a sympathetic character.

* * *

THE October "Bookman," a special double number, containing some excellent articles on Mr. J. M. Barrie, tells us that Signor Antonio Fogazzaro has finished his long-awaited sequel to "The Saint." The title of the book is "Leila," and it is described by its author as "largely a passion drama embroidered on a canvas of various religious attitudes." Signor Fogazzaro adds that "in a certain sense the book is anti-modernist. There is a young man sliding across modernism in a state of incredulity. It is incidentally admitted that Benedetto, the protagonist of 'The Saint,' might have erred in theological arguments, and that, having been admonished by authority, he has conformed, with fitting obedience." This is almost a perfect parallel in fiction to the recent action of M. Marc Sangnier. "Leila" will be published in Italy by Messrs. Baldini & Castoldi, and in England by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

* * *

"MY LIFE'S PILGRIMAGE," by Mr. Thomas Catling, is a volume of reminiscences, to be published by Mr. Murray, which will be of special interest to journalists and all who are connected with the Press in any capacity. Mr. Catling was for fifty-three years on the staff of "Lloyd's News," beginning in the composing-room and ending in the editor's chair. This long period, as Lord Burnham says in an introduction he has written for the volume, "spans an era of momentous change." It saw revolutions in nearly every department of life, and not least in the conduct and ideals of journalism. Mr. Catling tells how Gladstone was

prevailed upon to write for a penny paper, and he has anecdotes of Queen Victoria, the Prince Consort, President Cleveland, Archbishops Benson and Temple, Lord Rowton, Lord Glenesk, Mark Twain, and a host of others. When one thinks of the opportunities that journalists have of gathering excellent material and coming into contact with celebrities, it is odd that few biographies, and still fewer autobiographies, of journalists are of outstanding merit. We hope that Mr. Catling's book will belong to the minority. His stage reminiscences should be especially interesting, for Mr. Catling was an old *habitué* of the theatre, and a first-nighter of many years' standing. He was also a very competent and successful editor of the old school.

* * *

THE world of books will welcome "The Romance of Bookselling: A History from the Earliest Times to the Twentieth Century," by Mr. F. A. Mumby, which Messrs. Chapman and Hall have almost ready for publication. In Mr. Birrell's entertaining essay on "Old Booksellers," he remarks that "no great trade has an obscurer history," while Carlyle observes that "ten ordinary histories of kings and courtiers were well exchanged against the tenth part of one good history of booksellers." Mr. Mumby has been stirred by these sayings to make the first attempt to tell the whole story of English bookselling with something approaching completeness. He begins by tracing the origin of the trade in ancient Greece and Rome. He thence pursues it through the Dark Ages, and describes its subsequent organisation and development through the centuries down to the present day. The chapters on bookselling in the early eighteenth century, in Dr. Johnson's day, and in what Mr. Mumby describes as "the end of the golden age of bookselling"—the first half of the nineteenth century—contain a large store of literary anecdotes and gossip. Mr. Mumby has chosen a fascinating subject, and the skilful editing of his "Letters of Literary Men" gives promise that he will do it justice.

* * *

ANOTHER book which will appeal to people with bookish tastes is "Fragrance Among Old Volumes," a collection of biographical, critical, and imaginative studies by Mr. Basil Anderton, the public librarian of Newcastle-on-Tyne. Mr. Anderton writes of Antonio Magliabechi, the famous Italian bibliophile of the seventeenth century, whose collection forms the nucleus of the Biblioteca Nazionale at Florence; of Thomas Bewick, the engraver; of a sixteenth-century phrase-book for travellers, written in seven languages, and full of quaint revelations of the manners of the time; of some of the books of emblems issued by Lochnorn and Drexel, and of other topics which will attract the lover of old books and literary by-paths. Messrs. Kegan Paul are the publishers.

* * *

A USEFUL and laborious piece of work has been done by Father Brown, of Clongowes College, in the "Readers' Guide to Irish Fiction," which has just been issued by Messrs. Brown and Nolan. He has classified, under such heads as Historical Novels, Present-day Irish Life, Gaelic Epic and Romantic Literature, Fairy Tales, and Irish-American Stories, all the really pertinent books he has been able to discover, and he has appended to each a very full descriptive note, giving all the information necessary to the student, the researcher, or the reader in quest of amusement. With the index, the guide runs to 226 pages; and it is obvious that a similar list of stories dealing with British life in general would run to a portentous length. But Father Brown was right, dealing with one segment, not to shirk, as he puts it, the important duty of describing even worthless books, as well as books of minor literary merit, which may contain matter of value to historians and students of manners and social conditions. If he carries out the immense task of preparing guides on the same plan to all kinds of books on Irish subjects, Father Brown will indeed deserve congratulation.

* * *

SINCE Mark Twain's death Mr. W. D. Howells is perhaps the American writer of the older school who has most readers in this country. He has just finished a new book of essays, shortly to be published by Messrs. Harpers under the title of "Imaginary Interviews." It treats of various aspects of life and literature, and is written in a vein of genial criticism.

Reviews.

THE ENGLISH REFORMATION.*

AT last we appear to be coming out of the wood with regard to the history of the English Reformation. Now that the light begins to glimmer through the trees, let us confess that it has been a long and a dark journey. It is profitable to recall its stages, of which this volume represents the latest and best.

A hundred years ago, when the Church of England was Protestant *sans phrase*, we had the uncritical Protestant story, as handed down by our stalwart forefathers who overthrew the priesthood and erected the squirearchy on its ruins. The first person to question this story was William Cobbett, more interested in the then neglected social side of Reformation history than in its then much vaunted religious glories. He saw that the cobblers had been roasted, but that the squires had pulled monastic estates out of their ashes; and he was disgusted at the vulgar and brutal abuse of Roman Catholics which in his day was the staple of Tory electioneering. His book was a curious mixture of new truths and new falsehood. However, the uncritical Protestant story survived Cobett's attack by nearly two generations, and culminated in Froude, who, although he studied his authorities profoundly, had no more judgment, or fairness, or accuracy, than the great genius whose weaknesses he caught to such perfection.

Then followed the Catholic reaction in history, which tried, and still tries, to teach England to regret the Reformation. The forced rule of the Church over the conscience and thoughts of men and women, based on popular superstitions that enslaved the laymen to the priest, backed up by clerical possession of an immense proportion of the land of the country, by Church Courts that had authority over all laymen, by special privileges that fenced off the clergy from the law, by wealth that enabled a large proportion of the population to live directly or indirectly in the pay of the Church—this terrible system, which stamped out freedom and progress wherever they showed their heads, was, we are now told, wise and pious, and good, and the wicked heretics, the Lollards and Lutherans, spoilt the world when they destroyed it. That, after all, is the fundamental issue—was the breaking down of that system good or bad for the world? It was broken down in England by two forces—first by the moral and intellectual revolt of the best elements in the country, begun by Wycliffe and his followers, and culminating in the martyrdoms of Mary's reign, the immense importance of which, as a means of alienating the country from the old religion, Mr. Pollard brings out in this volume. The second force that broke down the medieval system was the greed of the King and the squirearchy for the spoils of the Church. Without that bad force, the good force alone would not have had the strength to overthrow the system. Apart from the Church, political power lay with the Crown and the squirearchy, and, if the squirearchy had not given its sop, the Reformation could no more have been put through than the French Revolution could have been put through without satisfying the greed of the capitalists and of the hungry peasants. Let us regret that this was the only means by which the Reformation could have been carried through, and let us not, like Froude, try to idealise the motives of Henry VIII.; but let us not fly into the opposite absurdity of wishing the Middle Ages back. As well wish back slavery in the United States because the victory of the North meant the high tariff.

The High Church historians, not content with making the most of the crimes of Henry VIII. and the squirearchy, have also tried to turn sympathy against the Protestant preachers and martyrs, and even to excuse the Church in her policy of persecution. The authoritarian opinions of Dr. Gairdner, expressed in his "Lollardry and the Reformation" (1908), are a curious phenomenon for England in the twentieth century. But Dr. Gairdner represents the strength as well as the weakness of the High Church school

* "Political History of England." Vol. VI. "From the Accession of Edward VI. to the Death of Elizabeth (1547-1603)." By A. F. Pollard, Professor of English History in the University of London. Longmans. 7s 6d. net

of history, for his work at the documents, especially the publication of the "Letters and Papers of the Reign of Henry VIII.," is a work of high utility, carried out with ability, thoroughness, and modest singleness of aim, deserving of any praise that such work is at all likely to get in our hustling age, even such as that which Mr. Pollard gave in THE NATION of October 1st.

Maitland gave the High Churchmen their first serious check in scholarship. Equally tired of them and of Froude, he said to me one day, "The history of the English Reformation still remains to be written." If he had lived to read this volume of Mr. Pollard, I think he would have said that it was beginning to be written at last. Mr. Pollard's life of Henry VIII., in the Goupil series, was good, but this is better. Mr. Pollard has learning which puts him in the same scale with Dr. Gairdner, and without which nothing great can be done in history. But he has also a rightness of judgment and sympathy, a breadth of outlook, an absence of prejudice, and a conception of the evolution of English society, which enable him to interpret and to unroll the great pageant of the making of modern England before the eyes of the reader. The reader must bring a serious interest in the subject, and a desire to know the truth; in that case he will be satisfied on most of the important questions of the reigns of the last Tudors, and he will learn much that is new to him. But he must not expect Mr. Pollard to create an appetite for historical knowledge among those who care nothing for history, for Mr. Pollard is not Macaulay, and he does not work in colors. You must bring your own imagination and your own picture of the Tudor scenes; Mr. Pollard will tell you what happened, and will comment on it and interpret it, but you must imagine for yourself what it looked like. This is the modern historical school, with its limitations, but in this case with all its real merits. There is no sham in the science of history in Mr. Pollard's case. Moreover, the style is clear, and the author has so much to say which is worth saying, that conciseness and vigor take the place of definite literary aim. You feel Mr. Pollard's personality all through.

This volume, taken with the previous volume in the same series, Mr. Herbert Fisher's on Henry VII. and Henry VIII., show the tendency among modern historians to emerge out of the wood in regard to our Reformation history. Both volumes are equally far from the Protestant tradition of the fathers, and from the neo-Catholic reaction. Mr. Fisher's was a very good book, but this is even better. Tudor times are Mr. Pollard's own particular subject, whereas Napoleon and other subjects also belong to Mr. Fisher. Both these volumes, for thoroughness of study and for impartiality of judgment, are superior to volumes of the same series, already published, on the reign of George III., where the reactionary views of history now popular with the upper class are set out with more boldness than argument.

For Mr. Pollard on the Protestant tradition of the fathers, the following will serve:—

"From the fiery furnace of Mary's reign Protestants looked back on Edward VI. as a saint, and his reign was long regarded as the golden age of the Protestant reformation. The gold is tarnished now, and the halo gone from Edward's head. That his abilities were above the average his journal and State-papers show; and it is not reasonable to doubt that, being a Tudor, he would have developed courage and a will of his own. But, with every allowance for the slow growth of a boy's domestic affections, the callous brevity of the terms in which he records his uncle's execution implies that he had no more heart than others of his race; while the wooden bigotry of his religious, and the obstinate absolutism of his political, views suggest the probability that the prolongation of his life and reign might ultimately have provoked an upheaval in which the rejection of Protestantism would have combined with reaction against despotism to undo the work of the Tudor monarchy."

The reader will also find the truth about the good King-Edward's-schools hoax, and much else to the purpose.

Mr. Pollard, like Mr. Fisher, does full justice to the place of Wycliffe in the history of the English Reformation:—

"England had not rejected Rome to submit to Zürich" (Zwingli); "national feeling fired the movement, and independence was its aim. Indigenous heresy, kindled by Wycliffe, was still smouldering, in spite of a century of repression, when blasts from the foreign furnaces of renaissance and reformation fanned its embers into freshening flames. Wycliffe had outlined the principal features of the Anglican Reformation, its appeal

from the Pope to the Scriptures, its call to the State to reform a corrupted Church, its revolt against clerical wealth and privilege, its rejection of the mass. The difference between his design and the Anglican realisation is the limitation of the latter; and the painted glass of the Anglican Church intercepted some of the Puritan rays of the morning star of the Reformation."

Mary's reign, in this volume, appears as the real turning-point. It was a Catholic reaction, attempted prematurely in England a generation before the real Catholic reaction had grown up on the Continent—and yet too late because the abbey lands, the key to the whole situation, were safe in the hands of the squires; a reaction without native leaders, or native enthusiasm, odious to the nation by its connection with Spain, and made unnecessarily odious by the public burning of nearly 300 men and women. The important effect of these martyrdoms on the formation of English political and religious opinion is restored by Mr. Pollard; that was one of the points on which the Protestant tradition of the fathers really was right. Later on, speaking of the hanging of Catholics in Elizabeth's reign, he writes:—

"On the assumption that the Romanists were all executed for their faith and not for treason, Elizabeth put to death for their Romanism an average of four persons for every year of her reign, or seven for every year from 1575, when the executions began, while Mary put to death for their Protestantism fifty-six persons for every year of her reign, or eighty for every year from January 1555, when the heresy laws came into force."

The difference, in this and all other respects, between Mary's haste and folly and Elizabeth's caution and moderation, was the enormous advantage of Protestantism in this great struggle. Mr. Pollard's picture of the sexless queen, sceptic in religion, trained in the school of Machiavelli, yet "mere English" in blood and in heart, though drawn in a few straightforward, simple sentences, powerfully excites the imagination; for this chance collection of human qualities in one woman changed the current of destiny. Mr. Pollard's story also makes us feel as we read it how and why we should passionately have loved this queer abstraction, if we had been one of her subjects, especially when those others kept trying to kill her, and why bells rang and bonfires blazed when Mary Queen of Scots was beheaded.

The episodes of Mary Queen of Scots, the Armada, and the persecution of the Catholics, are all admirably treated, and in each case the reader will find much that is new to think about. Let those who are really interested in the history of England look in this volume and see for themselves.

G. M. TREVELYAN.

THE POETRY OF SCIENCE.*

THERE is always something impressive in the thought of a man of action, and we are compelled to listen to the poems of one who has seen and suffered and accomplished much. Certainly, such poems are rare, but when we come upon them they are felt to possess a solidity and power beyond the reach of the literary artist. They are first-hand. They are pressed from a silent and unwilling mind, like a wine of blood. They have no reason to exist, except their own necessity, and no taint of unreality hangs about them.

Sir Ronald Ross has reached the highest fame in science. If life is good, or if it is better to be whole than sick, mankind has no greater benefactor. He has discovered the means of salvation from one of man's most venomous plagues—a plague that devastates both body and soul. By his discovery vast regions of the earth, lately uninhabited or wasted with misery, are already delivered, and year by year new regions are being purified. His discovery has pointed the way to deliverance from other plagues as well—plagues even more terrible in form, though less widely distributed. And now he gives us in verse an echo of some of the thoughts that occupied his mind during the long years of investigation into the causes of malaria.

A stern and accurate philosophy underlies his verse—the

* "Philosophies." By Ronald Ross, F.R.C.S., D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S., C.B. Murray. 1s. net.

unyielding and unflattering philosophy of the man of science, who refuses to be put off by assumptions accepted as true because they please or comfort or enoble. The poet of exact knowledge has nothing to do with all the fashionable and easy-going theories that build upon the cravings of man's nature for their foundation. To him man's nature, with its boasted powers of worship and contemplation, is but a microscopic phenomenon in the greatness of an unimaginable universe. Into the secret of that universe we can hope to penetrate hardly by one little footstep at a time. Clambering from one item of truth to another, we may slowly reach a vision of upper light—of "the summit, a single peak":—

"So sought, so seen, so found.
And what the end so high?
A summit splendor crown'd
Between the earth and sky,

Where with sidereal blaze
The mistless planets glow,
And stars unusually gaze
On unpolluted snow.

No strife the vast reveals,
But perfect peace indeed—
The thunder of spinning wheels
At rest in eternal speed."

That alone is the ultimate vision. But meantime there is this earth here, full of misery, full of sickness, and of waste, the more cruel by reason of mankind's own vain imaginings. "The sufferings of the world," cries the poet of science:—

"The sufferings of the world are due to this, that we despise these plain earthly teachers, reason, work, and discipline. Lost in many speculations, we leave our house disordered, unkept, and dirty. We indulge too much in dreams; in politics which organise not prosperity but contention; in philosophies which expressly teach irrationalism, fakirism, and nescience."

One might know from these sentences that the poet had dwelt long in India. During the years of his gradual investigation—nearly twenty years in all—the peoples of India had become to him a symbol of all mankind. He felt for them a consuming pity. "Racked by poverty, swept by epidemics, housed in hovels, ruled by superstitions, they presented the spectacle of an ancient civilisation fallen for centuries into decay." The atmosphere of India pervades the poems. We see the Indian mother suckling her three-year child up to her last breath, because she was too poor to feed him otherwise. We see the despondent multitudes stricken like leaves, and the toiler at his field, working himself to bones for the blood-leech that makes him yield his pence:—

"And this one fever'd flag,
And that one hopeless tries,
Or uncomplaining drags
A giant leg, and dies."

The hot surf reverberates upon the shore; dust hangs in clouds upon the air; the cry for rain rises in lamentation; the temples resound with unanswered prayers:—

"O silent Sepulchre,
Great East, disastrous clime;
O grave of things that were;
O catacombs of time;

O silent catacombs;
O bear'd memorial stones;
Where laughing in the tombs
Death plays with mouldering bones;

And through dead bones the stalk
Of the living herb is thrust;
And we, the living, walk
In wastes of human dust."

While travelling in deserts, the present reviewer has sometimes been surprised by sudden visions of European cities, especially of Italian cities, that come uncalled for, and with strange distinctness. In India the poet has beheld similar visions, also of Italy—"swift-flashing Italy, and that bright city, built upon the mirroring sea." But, as with most Englishmen in the tropics, his commonest vision was of home, and the five lyrics in which he tells of this vision will, we think, become part of our national heritage. The first one runs:—

"My country, my England, home,
Are thy flowers bright, thy bells
Ringing the spring welcome,
The winter long farewells?"

Are thy fields fair—each flower
Fill'd with the heavenly dew,
My country, at this hour
When I am thinking of you?

Art thou so far, so fair?
Across what leagues of foam,
My country? Art thou still there,
My England, my country, my home?"

But sometimes the vision is one of unearthly terror, and all who have lived through tropical nights know the faces that come then. As a model of condensation, even the poet himself could hardly surpass these three quatrains:—

"Those faces stamp in air
When all the hateful night
We toss, and cannot bear
The heated bed, and night

Is full of silent sounds
That walk about the bed
(The whining night-fly wounds
The ear; the air is dead;

The darkness madness; heat
A hell); appear and gaze;
Are silent; at the feet
Stand gazing; going gaze."

But India is only the symbol and vast epitome of mankind, racked by poverty, swept by epidemics, housed in hovels, ruled by superstitions. Only a very few have the opportunity of standing a little space aside from the common misery, and from their serene position they talk great things about noble deeds and spiritual truths and artistic glories. But what is the good of all their talking to the innumerable ruck of man?—

"Do, cries the holy seer;
Believe, the prelate cries;
Be, the beauty's priest austere
Persuades. The man replies,

'We have three beds at home,
Where eight of us must lie;
Three blankets and one room,
My children, wife, and I.

All day our work we mind;
But little money gain;
At night the wintry wind
Whines through the window-pane."

Preaching, artistry, and fond imaginings may be vain; superstition is fit only to deck and scent the corpse. But something still is left us—to conquer nescience, to clamber step by step upwards through the obscurity of knowledge; and even at the worst, perhaps, to discover some "unseen, small, but million-murdering cause." In verses written at Bangalore in 1890, the poet's one prayer was for such a discovery. Seven years later, the day after the discovery was made, he could utter his paean of thanksgiving:—

"This day relenting God
Hath placed within my hand
A wondrous thing; and God
Be praised. At His command,

Seeking His secret deeds
With tears and toiling breath,
I find thy cunning seeds,
O million-murdering Death.

I know this little thing
A myriad men will save.
O Death, where is thy sting?
Thy victory, O Grave?"

To the man of science no song of triumph could be nobler. And, besides the incalculable benefaction of that discovery, the poet of science has here given us one of the rarest gifts in literature—the poems of a man who has seen and suffered and accomplished much—poems pressed, like a wine of blood, from a silent and unwilling mind, and having no reason to exist except their own necessity.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.*

MR. ARTHUR RANSOME'S book on Poe is always interesting, often ingenious, sometimes brilliantly written. To biography he gives but a small space, and even here he is far from mere repetition. The rest is criticism, both penetrative

* "Edgar Allan Poe." A Critical Study, by Arthur Ransome. Secker. 7s. 6d. net.

and digressive. Whatever he touches he makes his own, though we have felt more than once that perhaps if he were less determined to be original he might say the same things and say them better; or again, that he has been forced into adopting an appearance of certainty where no certainty is. There are many passages like the following, where we have at first swum on upon his style and then turned back to find all still a mystery. "It is plain," he says, speaking of "The Purloined Letter" and other "analytic tales":—

"It is plain that the form of the problems is sufficiently various. The constant factor in the reader's intellectual enjoyment lies (apart from wonder, which certainly counts a little) in the swift and bracing gymnastic of following the mental processes that lead to the solutions. Our knowledge of the solution does not in the least affect it. Our aesthetic pleasure, dependent first upon the lyrical and concrete inspiration of the whole, is due to the perfection of the conditions under which our mental gymnastic takes place. These tales share the conditions of beauty with Euclid's propositions."

Pregnant sentences indeed, which we should like to see set as a subject of investigation to candidates for research degrees at the University.

Mr. Ransome is deeply interested in Poe from the point of view of a literary craftsman. In fact, we have wondered what public he is addressing, since he writes at times in a popular style, and again with a reticence intelligible only to the elect, as in his familiar references to Benedetto Croce. In his preface he declares that he has found "Poe's brain more stimulating than his art," and elsewhere he remarks how much of his work as an artist is "merely illustrative of his adventures as a critic and thinker." He gives most of his best pages to an exposition and consideration of Poe's theory and practice of the art of writing. This thankless task he performs with extraordinary agility and enthusiasm, although after talking of "Eureka" he has to say: "I should like to wipe out three-quarters of the book for the sake of the remainder." Yet, according to Mr. Ransome, "his theory brought him as near perfection as his nature would permit," unless the printer has transposed "theory" and "nature." It seems unnecessary to say that he fails to reach any fundamental truth among the emphatic and contradictory statements of Poe, who at one time laughed at the mysteries of composition as part of the poet's vanity, and explained how he wrote his ludicrous "Raven" on a system quite worthy of it; and at another elevated intuition above reasoning as a means of truth; who not only contrasted "Beauty" with "Truth" and spoke of "the obstinate oils and waters of Poetry and Truth," but also recommended his "Eureka" for its Truth and "for the Beauty that abounds in its Truth, constituting it true." The blatancy in Poe's advertisement of his theories Mr. Ransome condones by pointing out "that it is hard to make new principles clear, even to their discoverer, without throwing a limelight upon them that makes their shades black, and their whites almost too luminous." But with all the disciple's kindness, these "hard, sharp blacks and whites" remain in the master's theory and practice, and remain more impressive than the heavenly light which Mr. Ransome sees in the words: "A perfect consistency can be nothing but an absolute truth." Is not this, he asks, "the secret of art, the explanation of its value to mankind, far above that of the things, colors, and lines that it may happen to represent or use?" A little below these lines he quotes Poe himself, calling symmetry "the poetical essence of the universe—of the universe which, in the supremeness of its symmetry, is but the most sublime of poems," and arguing: "Now, symmetry and consistency are convertible terms; thus Poetry and Truth are one. A thing is consistent in the ratio of its truth, true in the ratio of its consistency." If this is the beauty of Euclid, it is the beauty of nothing else; and it is easy to see then how Poe came to write his dreary serious nonsense poems with their faultless symmetry, so obvious, hard, and lifeless in their deliberate attempts to impress. It is not difficult to see how he could frame a theory so opposed to the practice of other poets who seem agreed in the main that "all good poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings"—a phrase of Wordsworth's easily to be paralleled from a temperament so different as Shelley's. It is not difficult to see how Mr. Ransome is led to praise the man for "walking on the right track in eliminating from the beautiful any kind of passion." In a hundred places, in prose and verse, Poe writes with a horrible lucidity and rigidity, as if there were no such thing

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as atmosphere or spirit. A pastoral of Pope's is not more dead. We feel it in passages like :—

"The author who aims at the purely beautiful in a prose tale is laboring at a great disadvantage. For beauty can be better treated in the poem. Not so with terror or horror, or a multitude of other such points."

as well as in :—

"Can vie with the modest Eulalie's most unregarded curl—
Can compare with the bright-eyed Eulalie's most humble and care-
less curl!"

in a catalogue of beautiful objects quoted here, and in a poem which is only a catalogue of properties, ending with :—

"The viol, the violet, and the vine;"

and in those passages where death is a mere personification. "Death," says Mr. Ransome very truly, "Death with Poe is Death." Working thus with Nature and humanity as so much dead, and therefore infinitely malleable, material, using the vocabulary of the weird and the beautiful as counters, not as symbols, this man of cold sensibility produced stories of fascinating perfection and poems equally inhuman, once or twice beautiful beyond comparison, but marred by the vanity of technique. Both prose and verse, it is significant to notice, are as good or better in French, for there was no spirit to be lost in transit.

LEARNED LADIES.*

THE first glimpse of Mr. Boulting's volume may rouse in the sensitive reader a movement of apprehension, for literature limited to a single sex attains a perilous proximity to the tedious. Are we to prepare for a further recital of the arguments and grievances of the cause of feminism, or is the lay eye to pry into those sacred mysteries hitherto safeguarded by the privacy of the "lady's page"? Let us hasten to soothe away alarm. In "Woman in Italy" Mr. Boulting is occupied neither with the franchise nor the fashions; he merely seeks, in the plain manner of the historian, to tell us all that he has gleaned from studious research of the real life of the women of a bygone age.

The position of woman may be said to be the barometer of a nation's prosperity. In Italy, where she has risen to greater heights than in any other country, she has suffered no less grievously from the miseries of a subject state. As Roman matron, she enjoyed high honor as well as a large measure of legal freedom, but in the dark and turbulent times following the overthrow of Roman rule we find her servile and despised. Her position is completely dependent. A woman could transact no legal business without the assent of both husband and father; she might not enter a lawsuit in her own name, or violate modesty by appearing at a trial, or marry again without the consent of her family. Daughters could be condemned against their will to the cloister by the dead hand of a father; in the choice of a husband their inclinations were entirely subordinate to their parent's convenience. Morality, as many stories illustrate, was triumphantly on the side of the male. Bernardo Visconti of Milan, the father of numerous illegitimate offspring, maintained a reputation for virtue and high principle by the punishment of his two daughters for misplaced affection, one by execution, the other by a lingering death from starvation. The Phaedra of the Renaissance, Parisina Malatesta, was beheaded by her husband, the Marquis of Este, for misconduct with his bastard son; uxoricide for less serious causes was very frequent, and unprotected women were everywhere treated with brutality. "The despot of a petty State might have as many mistresses as he pleased, but a sharpened axe awaited his wife and daughter if she committed adultery." Christianity, with its gospel of asceticism, increased the abasement of women. The Church loads her with shame; she is the cleverest of the snares of Satan; "a necessary evil," says St. Chrysostom, "a natural temptation, desired indeed, but bearing calamity with her, a deadly fascination, a domestic peril."

With the passing of the Middle Ages, life becomes more secure: trade develops, the arts begin to flourish, and the status of woman improves. It is the wandering minstrel of the thirteenth century, who, singing his songs for the diver-

sion of the castle, lifts his eyes towards the fair *châtelaine*—so exquisite by contrast with the humble peasant girl—and beholds in her that vision of the ideal woman who is afterwards to be immortalised in Beatrice. Spiritual love, originating in the souls of the humble, becomes the favorite preoccupation of the aristocracy. By the close of the fifteenth century every man of polish has selected a lady and become her servant; platonism is the crowning elegance of the intellectual dandy. Courts and academies of love assemble, where dilettanti of both sexes meet to discuss the metaphysics of the passion; and in the sixteenth century we get the *cisibeatura*, with its trio of the "accepted," the "aspiring," and the "suffering" lover. In this atmosphere of adulation the lady flourishes apace. In the Dark Ages she had been a drudge, in the thirteenth century a dream; now, in the full sunshine of the Renaissance, she stands forth a perfect and completely realised human being. Hymned by the poets, beautified by the painters, her graces of mind and body develop amazingly. Girls enjoy the same educational advantages as their brothers, and she, who before was to be "taught to sew and not to read," is now recommended the study of Latin as "adding to her charm." The list of female scholars is long and remarkable; from Dorotea Bucca (1400-36), who was learned in classics, mathematics, and philosophy, down to Felicia Rasponi (1523-79), who wrote comments on the authors of antiquity and the Fathers of the Christian Church. Among the queens of the academies, who read orations and essays of their own composition before audiences of both sexes, were prodigies like Tarquinia Molza, immortalised by Tasso, who had "an excellent knowledge of Greek and Latin, translated part of Plato, was skilful in debate, was a logician, had some pretensions to astronomical knowledge, and charmed her circle of admirers by singing her own verses sweetly, accompanying herself meanwhile on either lute or viol." Nor did these ladies underrate their accomplishments; Laura da Creto is prepared, indeed, to "tear out the tongue and lacerate the heart of anyone who denies that women can excel in letters." Some women painters of real distinction appear, and poetesses innumerable pipe all over Italy. Towards the end of the sixteenth century the professional actress achieves a high reputation: Vincenza Armini, the Sarah Bernhardt of her age, was hailed at every town she visited by the discharge of cannon. She was not only an actress of the first order, but a skilful musician, poetess, and sculptress, and, like every other charming woman, learned in Latin, rhetoric, and logic.

The Italian women of the Renaissance achieved an eminence that has rarely been equalled and never surpassed; for it is hard to find realised in a single person the attributes of goddess, scholar, muse, and woman of the world. These ladies, combining the incompatible, were at once intellectual and lovely, highly educated and exquisitely dressed, the equals of men on their own field, and yet the object of their adoration. The Vittoria Colonnas and Isabella d'Este are no more; their like may never reappear; but they have proved to us that the perfect woman is no idle dream, but a practical and triumphant possibility.

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experience of steaming up the great river Parana, which at Rosario is twenty miles wide, to Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay. Nearly sixty years ago a friend of Charles Kingsley made the same journey, and was roused to ecstasies by the sight of the land and the people. "One thing," he said, "is abundantly clear to me—viz., that the Gran Chaco is the yet empty cradle of a mighty nation; it must be the theatre of a new era in history—it is *the* place. Just cast your eye upon the map; just see the tract of land, in length from Santa Fé ten degrees of latitude northwards and some six degrees of longitude in breadth from the Paraguay-Parana towards the west, and consider if it be not a marvel. A splendid country, possessed by wild Indians alone, who live on nothing but upon wild beasts—men who, by their neglect of the earth, have forfeited their right to claim national property in it—a wild garden, surrounded on all sides by provinces occupied, or pretended to be occupied, by Spanish tribes, none of whom dare set foot in this territory, and yet have the impudence to claim it as their own—this territory is actually an undiscovered country." He added: "I feel that the future work, or at any rate some great part of the work of my life, has to do with this country." Both dreams were unrealised, for the traveller did not stay long in the land, nor has it made very much advance from its primitive condition in 1852.

Nature is as wild as man. Like the river Indus, the river Pilcomayo changes its course periodically with the violence of a Homeric torrent. This phenomenon has had important political consequences, for the Pilcomayo is nominally the boundary between the Republics of Paraguay and Argentina, and it was thus fixed by the United States Commissioners as the boundary in the 'sixties. But, according to Mr. Koebel, the river rushed suddenly further north and lost itself in a swampy course, which has been appropriately termed Confuso. The north-lying Paraguay Republic has thus got a little more territory than it geographically deserves; but Argentina very wisely did not raise serious objections. Such trivialities have often brought South American Republics to the brink of war, and have certainly been pretexts for sanguinary conflicts, which have been bad for Capital, which lost gold, and for Labour, which lost blood. Argentina is now wiser. Being strong, she could afford to be generous to her little sister Republic.

Mr. Koebel gives a valuable description of the voyage up the Paraguay River to Asuncion, though there is a tendency to insist on humdrum details in the country where the "fireflies sail steadily through the night with their green-white lamps burning with an unbroken soft radiance," and where savage Indians roam with "lances tipped with wood, and bows and arrows." These arrows, though light, will, if "sent from a powerful bow, pierce a plank an inch in thickness, to say nothing of the body of a jaguar or of a human being." In Spanish days the penalty for exploring the Chaco was usually death at the hands of the Indians, as is testified by the numerous little stars on old maps with the grim inscription, "*hic est occisus —*," which denotes that the Jesuits were the only pioneers of civilisation in that region, and even now those who go off the line of communications take their lives in their hands. One of them, Padre Lozano, at incredible risks, visited the Iguazu Falls, which, as a mighty waterfall, rank second only to Niagara in the Western Hemisphere. They are now within a return journey of fourteen days from Buenos Ayres.

Passing Humaita, the traveller is reminded of the decisive defeat of the tyrant Lopez, who slew and tortured men, women, and children, both of his own country and his enemy's. He had a well-disciplined army of 55,000 men, and aimed at making himself dictator of the whole Plate district, and might have succeeded if he had possessed an adequate river navy, for he was only crushed after desperate efforts by Argentina and Brazil. This sanguinary war of the 'sixties almost annihilated the population of Paraguay, but it removed a standing menace; and when Lopez had been hunted down and killed in his swampy fastnesses, Argentina, which had since the revolution of May 25th, 1810, made little use of its natural resources, began to enjoy peace and prosperity.

One of the most interesting matters connected with Argentina is the nation-making question. Italians and Spaniards have for many years been pouring into the country, and the Italian is in great request as an agricultural

laborer, for he is an untiring worker and very frugal. He does not, however, always remain in the country if successful, preferring to retire with a modest fortune and to live in his little Tuscan village in unaccustomed magnificence. But, of course, the great mass stay in the country, and many of them retain their language. The Latin race in Europe seemed to be decaying, but now French writers are hailing the immigration into South America as a triumph for the races of Southern Europe, and a counterpoise to the so-called Anglo-Saxon predominance in North America. But Argentina is the only country which gives promise of any such consummation; the other republics have too large a proportion of Indian or negro blood, whereas the Argentino is comparatively fair, and the climate is temperate over the largest part of the Republic. Great fortunes are being accumulated, the State is becoming powerful and wealthy, the splendor of both public and private buildings bears witness to the growth of wealth. Again, for good or for evil, Spain has left her mark on the country in municipal government and in her beautiful and graceful language. But the nation is not yet made.

ARCADY UP TO DATE.*

THE tendency of authors to overdo their characteristic manner is curiously exemplified in "Rest Harrow." The period often arrives when an author who has brought the public to acknowledge his sway seems to grow over-confident, and persuades himself that what it has pleased him to create must necessarily be good enough for his audience. It is in this dangerous hour of vigilance relaxed that a writer is apt to impair his reputation by letting everybody see into the mechanism of his talent.

In "Open Country" Mr. Hewlett yoked a Meredithian steed to his chariot, and drove his lovers perilously down-hill, skirting the abyss. He repeats hisfeat in "Rest Harrow," and reaches the tame valley levels of matrimony, where the steed is unharnessed and turned out to grass—let us trust for good. Miss Sanchia Perceval, indeed, is a heroine transferred from the later novels of Meredith. She is called "a Goddess of the Shrine," an "Earth Goddess," "an Oread aswoon," "a nymph in Tanagra," "a Virgin of the Athenian procession," "Demeter in the wheat"; she is first Hymnia, and then "Dosponia, Mistress of the Night"; also the Divine Huntress, and anything else from the Greek that seems appropriate to the author's fancy. Sanchia, after a great deal of dithyrambic palavering from the gentleman gypsy, Senhouse, at the close of "Open Country," had bestowed herself on Mr. Nevile Ingram, of Wanless Hall, a gentleman enamored of her, who was not, unhappily, at liberty to divorce his wife. "Guileless victim of a hateful woman as she believed him then, she found that she held a store of balm. She pitied him deeply, she opened, she poured out her treasure . . . Ingram was to be saved by love; she gave him all." It was a pretty, though scarcely a credible, picture, one marred by the priggish outpourings of the impossible Senhouse, who "ensphered Sanchia in light," beheld her as "a thing enskied and sainted," and forthwith handed her over to the ardent Nevile's keeping. The curtain now draws up on Sanchia disillusioned, "a Goddess in her own Right," after eight years of "house-keeping" for her lover at Wanless Hall, and estate management of this "fine property, with 5,000 acres of shooting, a good many farms, and a hill-village to its account." After the first year of bliss "the folds have fallen from Sanchia's eyes." And now, on Ingram's return from a year's absence on a shooting expedition in India, "she could see him as a man, squalid. Nay, more, she could see him as a beast, ravening." The situation is not a bad one, but there is too much of the "masterly stagecraft" of the modern dramatist in the presentation of the graceless master of Wanless Hall's homecoming with his party of friends—the pretty, fashionable Mrs. Wilmot, the white-haired, lorgnetted Mrs. Devereux, who represents the world's cold stare at the goddess Sanchia, and the loquacious Mr. Chevenix, the old friend who acts as Chorus, recalls everything to everybody, and is kept busy knotting together the loose threads of the story, and untying the hard knots. The flighty wife, Claire Ingram, has by this time conveniently died; but Ingram

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only carelessly mentions the fact in a casual aside to Sanchia, and we are growing as delicately expectant as Mr. Bill Chevenix, when the domestic squall bursts over us. Young Struan Glyde, the fierce, aspiring young gardener, who nourishes a jealous passion for his mistress, the divine Sanchia, happens to see Ingram kiss pretty Mrs. Wilmot surreptitiously, and he boils over. In an absolutely impossible scene with Sanchia, Struan cries: "And when I thought that he (Ingram) was coming back here to—to prove himself an honorable man—I thanked the Lord. Yes, I did that. . . . I should have cut my heart out and left it here, and gone away—clean away, glorifying and praising God. But—oh! it's hideous, hideous! You are discarded—you! Cast off—you! Peerless as you are—you! Oh, my Saviour, what's this?" &c. Glyde lies in wait for his master, drags him from the saddle, and thrashes him; and the snarling and incensed Ingram insults Sanchia cruelly, and orders the goddess to begone. So ends Book II.

It is difficult to believe that Mr. Hewlett is not writing with his tongue in his cheek in the scenes that follow. Glyde, after serving three months' imprisonment for the assault, seeks out the romantic Senhouse, who, clad in a Moorish jellab, is living the "simple life" with a flock of goats, in a hut in a Wiltshire valley, and the precious pair fall to a duet in praise of Her, whom the gentleman gypsy likens to the Holy Grail! There are, we suppose, people who take Mr. Senhouse seriously. But we shall not linger over his "talk of love and other mysteries of our immortal life," which "oozed from him like resin from a pine." His babble: "I am become one with Nature. Wind, rain, and sun have bleached me; dinners of herbs have reduced my flesh to obedience; incessant toil, with meditation under the stars, have driven my thoughts along channels graved deep by patient plodding of the fields," is a piece of literary pose fit for the ear of sympathetic ladies when taken in to dinner. His knowledge of wild life and wood-lore is purely sentimental, though his taste for landscape gardening is worthy of a disciple of Miss Jekyll and of Messrs. Barr. The scene now shifts back to London and Sanchia's doings. The goddess Sanchia, "Artemis the Bright," now proves of very common clay. Her inheritance of Meredithian spirituality suddenly fails her, when in contact with her family and friends, and she consents to let bygones be bygones, and to marry the man Ingram, "the beast ravening," whom she loathes. Why? There is no reason. Nobody compels her. It is now "her duty." She can only prate of "Destiny," of "not thinking of herself," of "it's part of my bargain," &c. A would-be seducer, the Pole, Moronine, is now introduced, and he, by his talk, " lulled her head with his sophistical anodynes and sent her brain to sleep." But the psychological analysis undoes everything we have been told of Sanchia's pride and purity. In short, we are abruptly brought face to face with all the difficulties that crowd upon the novelist when his stock of phrases is running low. Senhouse's pose is destroyed by his mouthings, and Sanchia, when she is put to the test, falsifies her literary parentage. Of course, when in the last chapters, Senhouse turns up, Sanchia, "very pale and pure in her distress," cries off from Ingram, and the couple pledge their troth in rhetorical language. It is a pity that Mr. Hewlett's sense of humor did not lead him to finish on the Nature note that his literary hero gravely strikes for the edification of the British public. "Woodcraft, weather-craft, husbandry, beast-craft, sky-craft. . . . We teach first of all Nature's face and the love of it. We lead their hungry mouths to Nature's breast. No books! No books for them to glue their eyes upon!" Since Senhouse is be-gotten of books and represents little but the insides of books, it is good that he should repudiate his origins. "Nature's breast," indeed! Messrs. Mudie's breast is more to the point.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

In the epilogue to his latest collection of essays, "The Silent Isle" (Smith, Elder, 7s. 6d. net), Mr. A. C. Benson tells us that the book is "a record of an experiment in happiness." "I had the opportunity, and I took it, of arranging my life in every respect exactly as I desired. It was my design to live alone in joy; not to exclude others,

but to admit them for my pleasure and at my will. I thought that by desiring little, by sacrificing quantity of delight for quality, I should gain much." The experiment, so Mr. Benson assures us, failed in achieving its object. He did not reach the tranquillity he desired, but he found "many pretty jewels" by the way. He discourses on these in the vein of placid egoism which we expect from his pen. His discourses call for little comment. They are neither better nor worse than their predecessors. We find the same trite reflections clothed in the same graceful style, the same introspection, the same fastidiousness, the same pose of superiority to the common herd. In one of his essays Mr. Benson complains, in rather a fretful tone, of the criticism made on "a personal and intimate book" which he had written that "the deliberate exposure of a naked soul before the public has something that is almost indecent about it." To this Mr. Benson replies that the books "of which we can never have enough are the books which tell us what people are really like, because our true concern is with the souls of men." We cordially agree. But a great deal depends on what sort of soul is self-revealed. When a man of genius, or of action, or of strong character, or a man who has fought his way through some of the problems of thought, reveals his soul to us, we have one of the great books of the world. A Rousseau, a Montaigne, a Benvenuto Cellini, a Joubert have done this. But we do not put Mr. Benson's self-revelation into any of these categories.

* * *

ANGLO-INDIANS have written more than their fair proportion of the best volumes of reminiscences, and the late Sir Alexander J. Arbuthnot's "Memories of Rugby and India" (Unwin, 15s. net) is written in the easy discursive style that engages the interest without fatiguing it. Sir Alexander Arbuthnot did not live to complete the book, but he left a certain amount of notes and material which have enabled his widow to write the concluding chapters. Sir Alexander Arbuthnot's father, the Bishop of Killaloe, died suddenly when the boy was but six years old, and as the family were left badly off, it was decided to migrate to Rugby, because of the educational advantages offered to Foundationers in Rugby School. Among Sir Alexander's contemporaries at the school were Stanley, Vaughan, Lake, and Bradley, all destined to become Deans, Tom Hughes, Clough, and Matthew Arnold. Sir Alexander describes Clough as "one of the very clever boys, a great scholar, but always genial and pleasant." His brief impression of Matthew Arnold was that "he was a conceited boy." From Rugby Sir Alexander Arbuthnot went to Haileybury, and, obtaining a writership in the East India Company, sailed for Madras, where he spent thirty years. In 1872 he returned to England, but was recalled to India three years later by the offer of a seat on the Governor-General's Council. Sir Alexander has a good deal to say about Indian administration and administrators upon which it is impossible to touch. But the book, as we have said, is agreeably written, and it has the advantage of a good index.

* * *

THE career of the late King Leopold is a subject which compilers of historical biography were not likely to neglect. In "Leopold the Second, King of the Belgians" (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d. net), Dr. Angelo S. Rappoport has provided us with the first biography of the sovereign whose administration of the Congo earned for him the reprobation of the civilised world. Dr. Rappoport's opening chapters are occupied with a survey of Leopold I.'s statesmanship, and an examination of the difficulties by which Leopold II. was faced when, at the age of thirty, he succeeded his father on the Belgian throne. The dynasty was far from being firmly established, and Leopold set himself the double task of strengthening and consolidating the hold of his family on the throne, and at the same time of realising a private fortune on which he could retire should the Belgian people decide to do without him. He attained both these ends by the Congo adventure. He pocketed immense sums for himself, and he did a good deal to develop the industries of his country, while in the Congo he gave her a rich colony. Whether Dr. Rappoport is right in thinking that "Belgium is satisfied by having acquired the Congo and will soon forget the means by which the King civilised it," is a question which it is yet too early to answer. Leopold's administration was indefensible, and Dr. Rappoport does not spare

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his condemnation of this aspect of his activity. He, however, does justice to the King's ability and determination, and his verdict is that "the late King was a rascal; but he was a clever rascal, and Belgium was happier under his rule than many another country under the rule of an honest dullard or hypocritical rogue." Dr. Rappoport makes use of no fresh material, but in his examination of Leopold's motives and character he holds the balance evenly, and the unpleasant details of the King's private life are not unnecessarily dwelt upon.

* * *

THERE is sufficient similarity in the railway problem of America and of this country to give "American Railway Problems," by Carl S. Vrooman (Frowde, 6s. net), a real value for English readers. In both countries the railways, remaining in the hands of private companies, have passed through a preliminary era of cut-throat competition, qualified by tyrannical monopoly, to the present stage of recognised combinations under public regulation. In the United States, the establishment of stringent and effective State control is, perhaps, the most urgent practical problem of their politics. Few disinterested students of the situation believe that there is permanency in this stage. Either State control will be found ineffective, or else, being effective, it will involve such grave and constant interferences with management that the owners of the railroad capital will themselves insist on State ownership which shall at least guarantee them a living rate of interest on their bonds. Mr. Vrooman evidently believes this will be the issue, and he makes an interesting inquiry into the methods of State purchase and of State management in various European countries, summing up strongly in favor of the system adopted by Switzerland, Italy, and by France in her latest enterprise, in which sufficient financial and administrative independence is accorded to the new State management to enable it to keep out of general politics and to operate the roads with reasonable efficiency and economy.

The Week in the City.

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THE week has been marked by severe and perhaps manipulated fluctuations in the market for rubber and rubber shares. Brokers interested have been sending round optimistic circulars urging their clients to get in at the wonderful levels and again make their fortunes. A good deal of buying ensued, on which doubtless the said brokers and other big holders unloaded. But on Wednesday another break came to encourage the "bears." One cannot pretend to judge such a market except to say that it is a gamble, in which the insiders are, or may be, playing with loaded dice. The crisis in Portugal has passed away to all appearance, and the City assumes that the new Government is established. But there is some anxiety about Spain, lest it should catch the infection; for there Royalist and clerical forces might offer a long and formidable resistance, during which much wealth and capital would be destroyed. The Paris strike is likely to cause far more loss than the Portuguese revolution. The French syndicates are becoming a grave social and economic menace. No doubt the pressure of the iniquitous tariff has much to do with the deep discontent of the French working-classes, and this year the failure of harvest and vintage has made conditions worse than usual. But for labor troubles and political dangers in Western and Eastern Europe, operators would expect a general rise in securities, although monetary conditions are not altogether favorable. In fact, the Bank reserve is now

so low that any unexpected foreign drain would mean a 5-percent. rate.

THE AMERICAN MARKET.

During the last two or three months the demand for American bonds has once more overtaken the supply, and there is a shrewd notion going round that an upward movement in American railroads and industrials is likely to take place between now and Christmas. The wheat crop has turned out to be an average. Oats has proved a record, and the Government estimate also puts maize (the most valuable of all the crops) above any previous record. The farmers, therefore, will be prosperous, and there will be plenty of freight. The anti-Trust legislation is more likely to help the investor and shareholder than to harm them; for its main purpose is to check the swindling of corporation officials and to stop the application of Wall Street methods to railways. This is the view, at any rate, of an independent critic who has just landed from New York. He is, I should add, in strong sympathy with the Insurgent Republicans, who now seem to have fallen out with ex-President Roosevelt.

PORTUGUESE "CONSOLS."

Portuguese finance is in a parlous state, and has been for years. The only hope is that the new Government may have strength and determination to introduce an honest system of accounts and to improve the system of taxation. A writer in the "Manchester Guardian" reminds his readers that at one time British investors had a large stake in Portuguese Funds. Portugal committed a formal act of bankruptcy in 1892, and after a time there was a "reconstruction." It took time before anything like confidence was re-established, but to-day Portuguese stock, in spite of the revolution and in spite of the murder of Dom Carlos, stands at 64¹/₂, whereas in June, 1897, it stood at 24. But before the act of bankruptcy, in the early eighties, the name "Little Consols" was given to Portuguese Three-per-Cents. "They were quoted at about 50, and the idea was that you received as much interest as holders of Consols did, and only had to invest half as much capital to obtain it. A great deal of Portuguese stock was bought at the suggestion of their bankers by married men who had placed a certain amount of money into settlement under which it was invested in trustee securities. Any further savings they determined should be given a chance of earning a higher rate of interest than that obtainable with our own Three-per Cents. Military officers, too, largely favored Portuguese stock." So the "Manchester Guardian's" correspondent. But to judge from some recent declarations, the debt, which is already crushing, is to be increased by the Republican Government in order, forsooth, to convert Portugal into a great military and naval Power! If so, Portuguese credit, instead of rising, will sink much lower.

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